THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1775 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JAN. 27 1934

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 27, 1934

GIANTS OF STEEL AND CONCRETE

The 56,621-ton White Star Liner, "Majestic," Enters the World's Largest Graving-Dock at Southampton

The new graving-dock at Southampton, which was designed to accommodate the 70,000-ton Cunarder now on the stocks at Glasgow, and which was officially opened by the King last summer, came into operation on January 19 when the *Majestic* was towed in for overhaul. The task of edging this 100-ft. wide liner into a space allowing only a small clearance on either side was one of extreme delicacy, and it was nearly an hour before the eight attendant tugs could get her into the entrance-way. The dock holds 260,000 tons of water and yet can be pumped dry in four hours. It is 1,200 ft. long, 135 to 165 ft. wide, and 45 to 48½ ft. deep, and is largely constructed of concrete. The *Majestic*, now the crack liner of the White Star Company, was originally named the *Bismarck* and was built by the Hamburg firm of Blohm and Voss in 1914. At the present moment she is the largest liner in the world, but will be considerably smaller than the giant French vessel, *Normandie*, which is to be put into the North Atlantic service in 1935

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

AT THE IMPERIAL GALLERY OF ART, SOUTH KENSINGTON: A large mural painting, the work of W. Drummond Bone of Glasgow School of Art, at the exhibition of work submitted in the competitions for the Rome Scholarships of 1934

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 24, 1934.

THE SAAR, THE LEAGUE, AND GERMANY.

— Will the Nazis once more succeed in reducing to absurdity the authority of the League? The Saar question can be put in a nutshell. It is a "black country" lying between Lorraine on the south and Luxembourg on the west in that battle-scarred area south and west of the Rhine. It produces an inferior coal and is densely peopled by a working-class population mainly Catholic and almost wholly German. Saar did not "change with Lorraine" in the redistribution of frontiers after the Franco-German and the Great Wars, but was correspondingly affected by those changes. After 1870 it prospered with Germany's development of Lorraine; after 1918, France expected to receive Saar back as an annexe of Lorraine. The Treaty decided otherwise. The League has administered the Saar by Commission for fourteen years, and one year more remains of its mandate. In 1935, the Treaty ordained, a plebiscite shall be held, and the population must, in secret and without interference, decide its own political fate. Of the alternatives only two are practical politics. Either they will vote to return to Germany, or to remain as now administered under an extended mandate of the League. There is no shadow of doubt that, but for the present Nazi régime, the population would give a plumper for return to Germany. But the Nazi policy of religious persecution has alienated a large part of the Saar dwellers, who are Catholics, while the Jewish element has long been subjected to the now familiar Nazi injustices and insults. This antagonized element in the Saar electorate plainly sees the dangers ahead if the plebiscite favours return to Germany. For then Germany will at once attempt to buy back the mines acquired by France after the War. The best market for the coal has, since that time, been France, and that market would instantly be closed, and Saar, from being a lucky patch in Europe, would taste the want and distress of Germany. The Sarrois would plump 90 per cent. for Germany, but not 50 per cent. in a free vote for Nazi Germany. The Nazis, in their vigorous way, have long been seeking to reconvert the doubters with threats and bludgeons. Hitler, in his impetuous way, must have a decision at once. The Sarrois doubtless would, if they could, defer the plebiscite. The Commission reports that, under the present Nazi campaign in Saar, a free and unbiased plebiscite is impossible, and that report the League could hardly disregard. But the Saar is a strategic point of first importance, whether from an economic or a military aspect, and Hitler is not a man to take no for an answer. Hence the acute gravity of the Saar question.

MR. E. T. COOK upon whom the Archbishop of Canterbury has decided to confer the degree of Doctor of Music. On Christmas Day he completed his twenty-fifth year as organist of Southwark Cathedral

STERILIZATION.—

Writers of articles and monographs on the menace of unchecked propagation by defectives have so often made my flesh creep in the past decade or two that I could hardly believe my eyes when I read in the Departmental Committee's report that a galaxy of expert evidence minimized the danger. The tragedy is not so much national as individual. It seems that after all the only damning proof that we are rapidly developing into a race of half-wits is the egregious futility of our Twaddle Press. Serious scientists cannot, of course, attach weight to such evidence. The Committee is entirely unanimous in rejecting compulsory sterilization. Here is another instance of British political stability and sanity. We will never rashly experiment with the cardinal principles which underlie and uphold our social and political structure. The chief of these principles are the sanctity of human life and the rights and freedom of the individual. The Committee, unanimously opposed to compulsory sterilization, is as unanimous in recommending a voluntary measure, with tremendous safeguards. So elaborate, indeed, are these safeguards, with their duplicate medical certificates, the written authorization by the Minister of Health, the declaration of willingness, signed and counter-signed, that the report must be regarded more as an expression of changing opinion than as a practical step to deal with a still urgent, though not apparently menacing social evil. The Committee, more than anything else, triumphantly uphold and vindicate the great principles which underlie the basis of our national social life.

MR. CHURCHILL'S OPPORTUNITY.

— The B.B.C. last week removed Mr. Churchill's radio disfranchisement. He was allotted his half-hour and made good use of his time, being no more disturbed by the hecklers and gate-crashers of the ether than he is by hecklers in the body of a hall. Doubtless what he said infuriated a percentage of his listeners, but it is difficult not to believe that a majority must have endorsed the sense of his arguments and felt the charm of his oratory. He "came across" to an unusual degree; though his voice sounded unfamiliar, there was no doubt of his sincerity. The cardinal points of his survey struck me as containing more than usual novelty. The Big Navy man, the man who had the Navy ready and effective on August 4, 1914, now pleaded for an effective navy of the air. And that is a very remarkable sign of the times. Mr. Churchill is nothing if not elastic and (rare among politicians) has never feared to admit a change of view to suit changing conditions. As an upholder of our ancient Constitution, he was more than usually persuasive. He favoured the reform of the Second Chamber into an effective barrier against violent or sudden change. There was nothing new and no constructive proposals here. But he gave us something far more novel and constructive in his suggestion for countering the havoc wrought by the "flapper" and "Tom, Dick, and Harry" enfranchisement of recent years, the disastrous results of which are evidenced in the instability of Government since the War and the consequent contempt for Parliamentary institutions. A vote once bestowed can never be withdrawn. Mr. Churchill's remedy is as simple as it is novel. He would restore the balance of sanity by giving extra votes to those millions of responsible citizens—heads of households, fathers of families, and so on—who do indeed bear the burden and exercise the responsibilities of citizenship, and thus each responsible citizen would be able to pair with two lounge-lizards or two feather-headed flappers. It is a dream, of course, but a pleasant one. Mr. Churchill is against dictatorships, and our national roster of potential dictators is small and unproblematical. But I fancy that after Mr. Churchill's radio half-hour the majority of his listeners would vote to place his name rather high on such a list, if list there must be. If one must have a dictator, let him at least possess ideas and the courage to carry them out.

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE INSTALLED AS THE NEW RECTOR OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot chaired by high-spirited students after the ceremony

CONTROL OF POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS.—

Lord Rosebery's tactful handling of the point-to-point situation may well have come as a surprise to the Masters of Foxhounds Association, but maturer reflection will endorse the wisdom of his decision not to encourage the M.F.A.

to resist the National Hunt Committee's intention of resuming control of these meetings. In declaring that point-to-point meetings have nothing to do with fox-hunting, Lord Rosebery spoke a modern and very regrettable truth. It was not always so. The very *raison d'être* of these informal meetings grew out of fox-hunting, and there its roots should be to-day. The races were designed as a jollification for the local farmers, as a means of testing the merits and knowledge of country of local fox-hunters and the worth of hunters regularly hunted with the local pack, and finally as an educational exercise for aspiring local Nimrods. And what happened? Vulgarity, pot-hunting, and commerce stepped in. Professional steeplechasers were drawn to these meetings from greed and vanity. Their crack 'chasers were brought out by second horsemen thrice during the season to satisfy the "regularly hunted" condition and then coarse hands must be laid on the "fair hunting country." Fences were pared down to "knee-high hurdles" for the convenience of the "long-tails"; the professionals came and conquered and went off to the next meeting to lift the next pot, and the local fox-hunters and their horses were left at the post, left to clear up the greasy paper and refuse deposited by a cosmopolitan crowd of sensation hunters. And there it is. Things being what they are, Lord Rosebery's advice is no doubt sound. A duel would only make things worse. Fox-hunting has a hard struggle to-day and compromise as everywhere else is the only way.

AN OLD WEST-COUNTRY CUSTOM: The scene during the ceremony of "wassailing the apple trees" which took place last week at Carhampton, near Minehead, Somerset. The villagers congregated in the orchard of the Butcher's Arms inn, and guns were fired through the branches of the trees to "frighten away the evil spirits." Cider was served from a wooden bucket

WOOKEY HOLE.—Wells and Wookey Hole remain in my memory as the chief revelation in the discovery of the West of England. None who visits Wells should fail to go straight from the man-made glories of the cathedral and Vicar's Close to the natural miracle of Wookey Hole. This great chain of caverns is far more impressive (being unvulgarized) than the Cheddar Caves. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the long drought has at least increased the interest of Wookey Hole. For here the river Axe—like the sacred Alph of Xanadu—flows mysterious and subterranean and, having fallen lower than ever before, revealed openings which led to two hitherto unknown new chambers of yet unmeasured extent. I believe, as a fact, that the existence of these channels was long known, but it is only now that the fall in the water level has made it possible to explore them by boat, and that first voyage of discovery must have delighted the landlord of Wookey, Captain Hodgkinson, and his friends. Certainly I recall few thrills to compare with the experience of floating on the bosom of this dark underground stream and looking upward into the vault above, whose height is measured only by the fantastic sculptures of Nature and Time which hang and drip downwards from the black void.

THE EXPECTED RESHUFFLE.—As expected, Lord Stanhope has been promoted to the Foreign Office from the War Office. He fills Mr. Eden's place, thus adding another paid post in the Government, Mr. Baldwin having doubled the posts of Lord President and Privy Seal on one salary. The change and choice of a peer for Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs were made in deference to complaints in the Lords that there was no one to answer the bell when their lordships rang for the French valet. Lord Strathcona succeeds to Lord Stanhope's place at the War Office. Both these peers have considerable experience of Parliamentary procedure. Lord Stanhope inherited the Conservative traditions of public service from a line of predecessors in the peerage and is a bulwark of old-fashioned Conservatism. He has held offices of various kinds since 1918, at the War Office and the Admiralty, and he received the Garter in the New Year Honours list. Lord Strathcona is ten years younger, being 43. He inherited through his mother the barony conferred on Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian railway pioneer. By his mother's marriage to Doctor R. J. B. Howard, the family name changed from Smith to Howard, and Lord Strathcona is thus the third holder of the second or junior of two baronies conferred on Sir Donald. He has had experience of the Admiralty, has been deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party machine, and a member of the Indian Statutory Commission.

NULLA RETRORSUM.—It is not only witches who must meet

"in thunder, lightning, or in rain."

Female wizards of golf must hold their meetings uninterrupted by considerations of safety or health or comfort. The Levin stroke must be treated like any other stroke in the game as part of the game. That is the decision of the Royal and Ancient upon a plea by the Ladies' Golf Union that competitors should be allowed to take shelter from thunderstorms during medal competitions. It matters not that thunderstorms often put off battles, test matches, cup finals, royal reviews, and other small beer. It matters not that casual golfers are quite often killed on golf courses by lightning flashes. Women golfers engaged in medal play are on a different plane. That is Serious Business with a big S and an enormous B. To shelter, to allow one's thoughts to wander from the great game, to such minor considerations as life or death, combustion or pneumonia, is not only against the spirit but against the laws of golf. Such distractions lead to raising one's head at a critical moment in one's swing. The thought of sudden death or permanent disfigurement may even put one off one's game. Ladies, you must drive on through the flashes and the barrage over the stricken field.

FOR FINANCIERS ONLY.—High finance, I must admit, is not my strong point. A journalist tries to pretend a little knowledge of everything. I make an exception with high finance. I used to start off splendidly with Hartley Withers' simple manuals for simple souls, *Lombard Street* and *The Meaning of Money*, but always at the end of the first chapter I had sped my bolt. I never saw another gleam in the darkness. Of Roosevelt's high finance I confess that the very first few words of the first chapter left (and leave) me guessing. There is not one of my readers who cannot put me right with my primitive puzzles. For example. The President sets off each morning with a market basket to buy gold. It is his policy to buy it, if and when he can't get possession of it by Act of Parliament. Well now, in what coin does he pay for his purchases? In dollars, I suppose. That being so, it seems strange to preface your day's marketing by devaluing by anything from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. the coin by which you propose to pay for your purchases. Now, although these problems of a simple mind are intended to be funny, I should seriously like to call the bluff of 90 per cent. of the wiseacres of Lombard Street by inviting a clear and reasoned explanation of what exactly Roosevelt is trying to do. How many men in the City this morning could give me a clear, simple, and certain answer? No, like Mr. Vernon Bartlett, I elect to lie low.

THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE POST OFFICE: Colonel T. M. Banks, C.B., D.S.O., who has been appointed to this position after four years as Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank Department. He has served as Private Secretary to four Postmasters-General

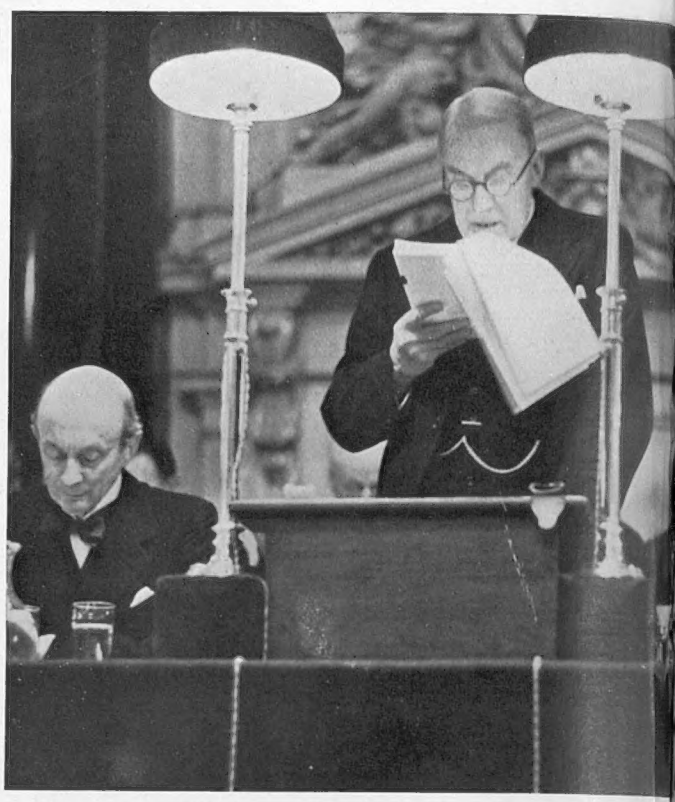
MR. CREEVEY AGAIN.—On Tuesday next, January 30, Mr. Thomas Creevey stages his second "come-back," when John Murray will publish *Creevey's Life and Times*. This indefatigable letter-writer, who was born in Liverpool in 1768 of Scottish-Irish ancestry, lived into the Victorian age and left behind him a huge mass of correspondence dealing with the politics and social gossip of four reigns, and seldom wrote a sentence that was not then (and is not still) stimulating or amusing. I am old enough to remember the thrill in literary and social circles when, thirty years ago exactly, Sir Herbert Maxwell's two volumes of *Creevey Papers* took the world by storm. Since then they have become a part of history and of social history. What we none of us realized then, though Sir Herbert stated the fact, was that these two volumes comprised only about one-fiftieth of the MSS.!

THE OLD STAGER

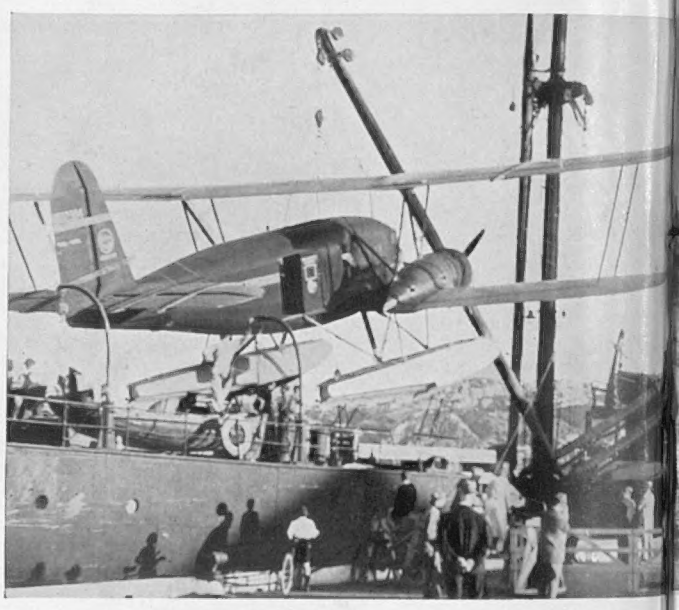
"THE FASHION DOTH WEAR OUT MORE APPAREL THAN THE MAN": Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, who attended the wedding of his niece, Miss Mary Penelope Norman, to Mr. John Sellar, at Much Hadham, Herts. His braided coat indicated a partiality for the fashions of pre-War days

A PICTORIAL

LEAVING FOR THE CAPE: Prince George following the Prince of Wales up the gangway of the *Carnarvon Castle* as the former left Southampton for his South African tour. The Princes had travelled by air to the Southampton Municipal Aerodrome. Prince George is expected back in England in April, and later in the year will visit Australia for the centenary celebrations in Melbourne



THE CHAIRMAN MAKES HIS REPORT: Mr. F. C. Goodenough addressing the gathering at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of Barclays Bank, which was held last week at Southern House, Canno Street. He criticized high tariffs

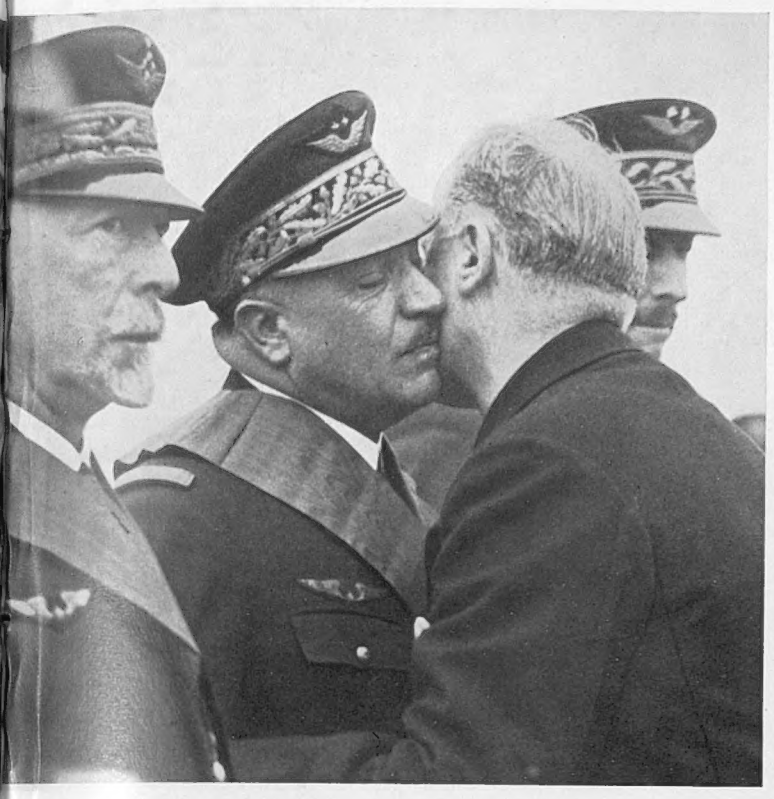


ANOTHER AEROPLANE FOR THE ANTARCTIC: Loading a biplane t to the vessel, *Jacob Ruppert*, prior to Admiral Byrd's departu from Wellington. At the time of writing, ten days' silence has reign concerning the fate of the Ellsworth 'plane

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S LANCASHIRE TOUR ON BEHALF OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOYS' CLUBS: H.R.H. watching a draughts match during his visit to Preston Boys' Club on Wednesday of last week. This club was started last year and already has a membership of over 250

"LES GIRLS OF 1934": A distinguished gathering was present at t New York Midnight Follies, 1934 version, was successfully presenti Mitzi Mayfair who, although only seventeen, has achieved a considerab

NEWS SURVEY



FRANCE'S BALBO: M. Lebrun, the French President, embracing General Vuillemin on his return to Le Bourget Aerodrome after his successful flight through Africa with the French Air Armada. The President conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour

MOVING IN: The transference of a whole village was necessitated by the removal of Messrs. Brock's firework factory from Sutton to Hemel Hempstead. This picture shows employees of the firm moving in to the homes which have been prepared for them on a model garden estate adjoining the new factory

orchester Hotel, Park Lane, when the n Monday night. The cast includes eputation as a dancer in America

WEDDING PIPES at the marriage at Lindfield, Sussex, of Mr. Lewis Balfour Oatts and Miss Cherry Morris

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE GREAT ALBERT HALL ORGAN which was used again for the first time on Tuesday night after the completion of six years of rebuilding. It has 10,491 pipes, 176 stops, and weighs 175 tons

THE GALES CONTINUE: Heavy seas continue to sweep the South coast, and in some places serious damage has been done to the coastal defences. This picture was taken at Brighton where the recent construction works have had to stand up to a severe strain

THE MAN WHO WAS THE REICHSBANNER

The Inside Story of Dramatic Events in Austria and Germany Revealed in an Interview with Prince Hubertus Loewenstein, who has Recently been Staying in London

By W. HOLT-WHITE

"THE TRAGEDY OF A NATION": The cover of Prince Hubertus Loewenstein's survey of modern Germany. The Prince, who is regarded by the Nazis as one of their most serious enemies, stands out in this book as the champion of what he terms the "true" Germany as opposed to the Germany of her present rulers. The book will be published in February

Some months ago, before the diminutive but determined Dollfuss planted a heavy foot on his Austrian Nazis, a German Princess, the wife of a German Prince owning an estate in the Austrian Tirol, was attacked by half a dozen Nazis at Innsbruck. Her reply was shattering. She is an expert with a revolver.

That sounds like a good opening to a "thriller"; but then a thriller it is, packed with such incidents as the ransacking of a Prince's Berlin flat by Hitler's Storm Troopers; clashes between those troops and the police, aeroplanes, bombings, and revolver shots—all the ingredients, indeed, of a first-class drama. Only this particular drama is one of political fact. It is just a part of the struggle which is being waged behind the scenes in the great fight for Austria's freedom. And we of this country are perhaps more intimately concerned than we, in our insularity, may think. That sounds mysterious. But then to the "thrills," so far undisclosed in this astonishing piece of secret history, has been added honest but fascinating intrigue.

This week the centre of interest has swung into London. In a certain well-established suburban home the echoes of the Princess's revolver shots at Innsbruck still reverberate amid amused laughter. I have sat in the dining-room of that English home—past which electric trains were scudding and within a hundred yards of which young English housewives were safely doing their shopping—and listened to some of the strangest talk I have ever heard. There I have listened to a Prince, whose forbears were once Kings in Germany, tell of his adventures in his fight against the Nazis both of Germany and Austria; and learned of plans, both for the safety of Austria and the deliverance of Germany, which come very strangely to English ears. They are, beyond all doubt, honest plans, and they entail not only a passionate idealism but unceasing strife and labour on the part of those who seek to put them through. And risk—great risk—to some of those concerned. An amazing tale.

And I happened on it by the merest chance Austria was, as they say in Fleet Street, "in the news" again. This time it was the seemingly absurd rumour that Chancellor Dollfuss was contemplating the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty as a way out of his difficulties.

Anyway, what was happening in Austria?

It was decided that I should find out.

For my part, whenever I think of Dollfuss I think of Albert, King of the Belgians, that great and steadfast soul who in August, 1914, barred the way to Wilhelm II in his wild rush for "World Power—or downfall." The King of the Belgians never hesitated, though he knew his country would be ravished and his people put to the sword. We—though we pride ourselves on going into the War—hum'd and ha'ed and discussed "obligations" before we decided. King Albert didn't. He was greater than we.

That is perhaps why we think so well of Dollfuss. He didn't hesitate. When it came to the question of the Nazis he just said "No." He is still saying "No." And he is saying it sturdily, not only on behalf of Austria but on behalf of Europe.

So I went to a certain distinguished diplomat. I asked him to find me someone fresh from Vienna who would tell me the truth. He thought awhile, then, in a crabbed handwriting, he scrawled out a name which I recognized as that of one of the most promising juniors at the English Bar. "If you go to him," said the diplomat, "he may place you in touch with Prince Loewenstein."

That was curious, for Prince Hubertus Loewenstein is a German, a descendant of the Kings of Würtemberg. But though coming of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Germany, he was a Centre Party man in the days before the Republic of Weimar fell. He was one of Brüning's stoutest supporters. He founded the League of Youth and established the Reichsbanner — the "army" which stood for the Republic before Hitler disbanded it. A curious combination—an English barrister and Prince Loewenstein. However, I rang up my Englishman.

He listened intently but cautiously. Very well, he would see me at 4.30 at a certain address in the very apotheosis of London suburbia.

At 4.30 I found the house. It was an anachronism. It was an old manor house still standing amid seas of modern brickwork. A massive, impassive English butler showed me into a smoking-room almost blazing with college shields. A strong-faced, stout-built young man came into the room and closed the door behind him. "You understand," he said, by way of introducing himself, "that I am a barrister." He uttered the words as though they were a warning against any tricks on my part.

"Yes, I know," I said. "I know your name and your father's." His father is a famous solicitor.

"Very well," he said, "this is my father's house." Then he held out his hand as though he expected something, and I realized that he was waiting for me to give him a card—some sort of credentials. I plunged my hand into my pocket. I drew blank. I had changed my jacket and forgotten to transfer my papers.

He looked at me with a curious smile. I bethought me of my hip pocket and fished out a still unopened envelope. It contained, as luck would have it, a cheque from THE SPHERE. That cheque was all I had to establish my identity. He examined it closely. "I am satisfied," he said, "but you never can tell. You might have been an armed emissary."

"You can search me if you like," I said. For a moment I thought he would take me at my word. "No," he said, "I will fetch the Prince."

Enter Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. Fair, tall, slim, trim, combining at once a suggestion of the soldier and the scholar. A pair of humorous eyes in his young face were shielded by enormous glasses tinged with a faint green. An attractive, an outstanding figure.

We were settling down to things when the massive, impassive butler re-entered. Tea, it seemed, was served in the dining-room. And in that pleasant room I found my host's father, his mother, his wife, and two brothers. And there over the teacups, with the massive and impassive butler hovering all the while, I heard strange tales from behind the scenes in Austria and Germany. It was there that I learned of the attack on the Princess. "You have left her there?" I asked. "Oh, yes, she is well looked after."

The Prince drank his tea without milk. "Four lumps," he said to the massive and impassive butler. "No," he said, in answer to my inquiry, "I wasn't turned out of Germany, but it was better to go." He looked round the pleasant dining-room with the china and silver shining in the lamp light. "This is better than a concentration camp." He laughed. "No," he went on, "you see, with my record I wasn't popular. My flat in Charlottenburg was ransacked sixteen times. By the police? Oh no, I shouldn't have minded the police. No—by Hitler's Storm Troops. I secured a visa without any trouble and slipped over the frontier to my castle in Tirol. As soon as I had gone they missed me and Hitler kindly set a price for my recovery. But I could laugh at them in Austria.

"At that time," he went on, "the Nazi drive in Austria was intense. And it was cleverly organized. But, to understand the situation, you must understand this. Most people think that Dollfuss is a self-appointed dictator. He is nothing of the kind. When trouble came the heads of the various parties resigned and handed the reins of government over to him. Popular government ceased for the time to exist; but Dollfuss's was an authorized government. That is what defeated the Nazis in the long run. He was established by the people. None the less, the Nazis were clever. They worked on the feelings of the officials first and then on the police. If Hitler's Brown Shirts came, they explained, the jobs of the officials and the police would be gone. But the officials and the police were loyal.

"Anyway, they knew how public feeling in Austria went. For you must remember the state of the parties. Forty-three per cent. of the electorate were—and probably still are—Social Democrats; thirty per cent. were Christian Socialists; fifteen per cent. were members of the Land Bund. That didn't leave much for Communists or Nazis. No; the Nazis, though they made a lot of bother, were simply the forces of the unruly elements.

"Persuasive methods having failed, the Austrian Nazis—organized and controlled from Berlin—took to violence. They invented a particularly dangerous and highly explosive form of bomb."

The Prince smiled again. "Then," he continued, "they took to aeroplanes—aeroplanes which dropped leaflets; aeroplanes which brought in secret agents or carried away Austrians whom Dollfuss had proscribed. Naturally, it was all very unsettling and very unnerving. Some of their propaganda was absurd. One morning the population of a small town woke up to find a vast swastika cut in the snow on the hillside. All that day the shape of the swastika was changing. All day long the police were digging in the snow till by nightfall the swastika merely looked like a huge window on the hillside. That was a good joke.

"In the end Dollfuss broke the front of the attack. By this time Hitler's tactics and the savagery of his Storm Troops had placed a new ring of alarm and distrust and growing hatred round Germany. All the good that had been worked by the Republic had been undone. The Little Entente was watchful. Mussolini moved up troops."

"But supposing," I insisted, "that Hitler sent an army. Supposing that he ultimately thrust through?"

All the members of the English family round the dining table looked at the Prince and smiled. The massive and impassive butler silently handed him his third cup of tea. "Four lumps, please," said the Prince.

Then he turned to me again. "If Hitler did that," said he, "all Europe would be up in arms. Mussolini—he is a statesman is Mussolini—is watching. Germany in Austria wouldn't suit him at all.

"There is another factor," said the Prince, "which is at present not realized. The time has come to make it clear. Germany has exiled some of her finest citizens. They are now scattered among the countries surrounding the Fatherland. And they are the nucleus of a new form of propaganda. They are teaching the people among whom they live that the real Germany does not want war. It does not want a military autocracy such as was established by the Hohenzollerns. After all," he added with a shrug, "the Hohenzollerns are merely parvenus. They are not the old Germany. No; these exiles are quietly teaching the people of other countries that Germany merely wishes to be a Christian land at peace. She wants to be freed from the adventurers, the desperadoes, and the militarists. Slowly we are forming an organization to formulate these ideas. And we shall have to use propaganda against propaganda. And as we cannot work within Germany, we must work from without. And by and by"—here the Prince sat up and became earnest—"we shall thrust up from Austria into Germany. After all, the Austrians are very akin to the South Germans. And at the back of us will be the massed good will of the 2,000,000 Germans who now form part of Czechoslovakia. And there is still hope in Germany itself. True that at the last election—a single party election—only 2,000,000 people voted against Hitler. But realize that these 2,000,000 voted at the peril of their lives."

"But surely," I protested, "Hitler and his Brown Shirts are too strong?"

"At present," said the Prince, "yes. But how long will Hitler last? After all, what has he done? He has achieved nothing but propaganda. Field boots in the streets and swastikas all over the nursery wall. The people of Germany are starving. He tells them by poster that they are well fed. They are freezing—and he gives them painted fires on the hoardings."

"Is it true that he is re-arming Germany?"

"Perfectly true," said the Prince.

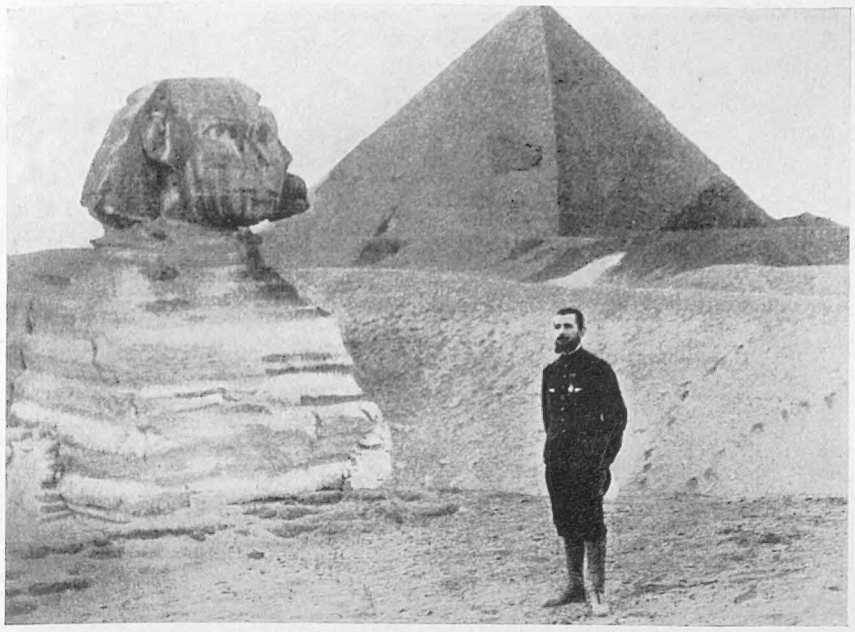
"Yes, and doing it most ingeniously," said one of the brothers, "all the different parts of guns, for instance, being made at different places, all ready for assembly."

"Yes," said the Prince, "but it will then be too late. The world will be against Hitler, and in Germany public opinion will win. You cannot bully a nation like the Germans for ever. Besides—although you may find it hard to believe this—the Germans are still at heart a Christian people.

"Meantime," he continued, "we shall go on with our plans of re-establishing the real Germany—a Germany devoted to the arts and particularly to the art of peace. We want to carry Europe with us and not against us. I could not work for this within Germany. That is why I went to Austria. That is why I am here. That is why I am going away again to work among other nations until the hour comes."

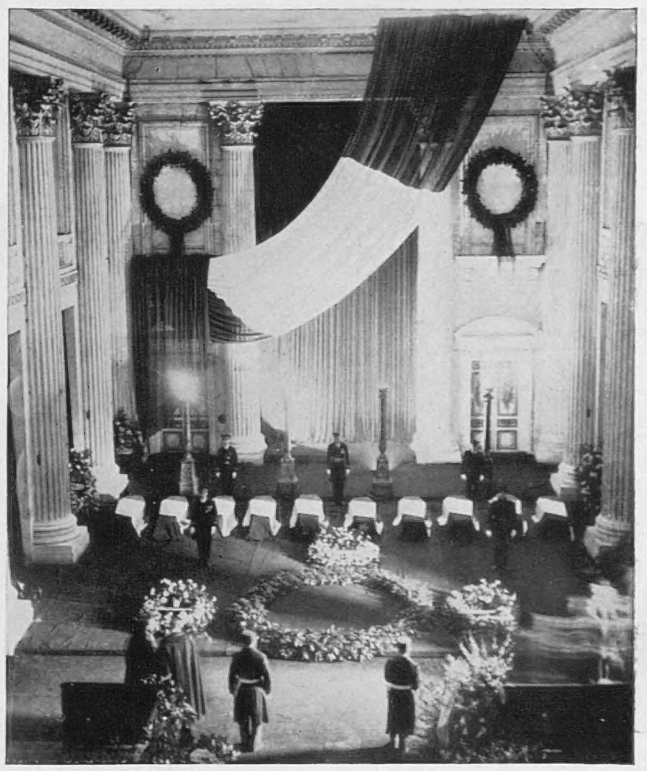
MARCHAND OF FASHODA

The ex-Kaiser's Birthday—Dimitroff Acquitted but in Prison

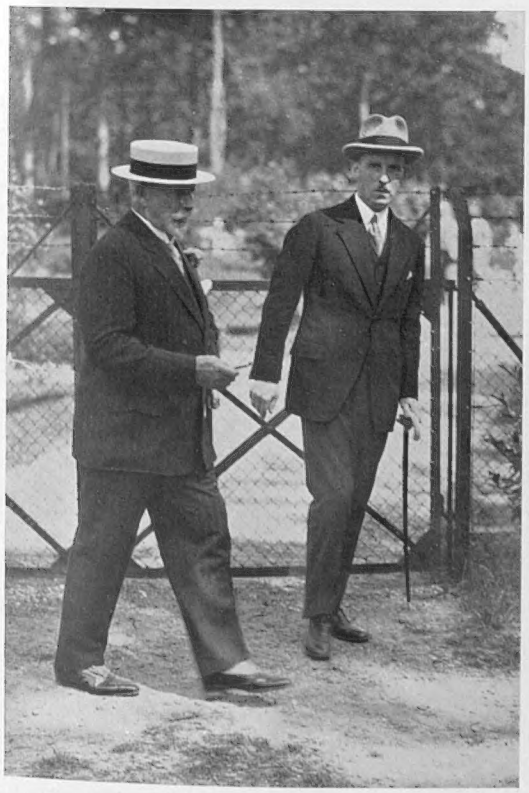


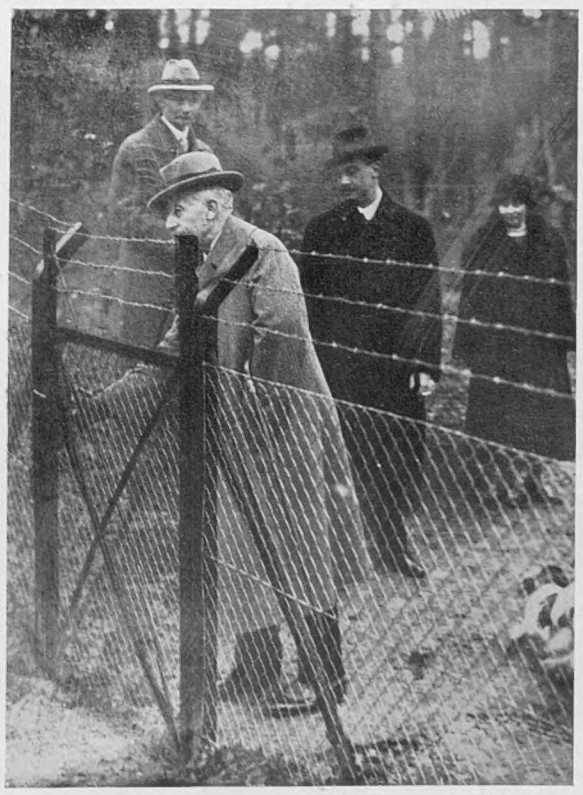
THE MAN WHO DEFIED KITCHENER: The death of General Marchand recalls one of the most famous episodes in Franco-British history. In 1898 Marchand, who was then a major, journeyed through equatorial Africa with 200 Senegalese riflemen and at Fashoda, on the Upper Nile, occupied the mud fort and hoisted the French flag. As the British Government had given formal notice that the Nile Valley was within its sphere of influence, General Kitchener hurried South from Khartum and ordered Marchand to evacuate the fort. He firmly refused and there followed a period of tension between France and England that all but led to war. The French Government, however, finally gave way, and in 1899 France withdrew all claim to the Nile Valley. Left—*Marchand standing beside the Sphinx.* Right—*Marshal Pétain and General Nollet (1st and 2nd from left) at last week's service for General Marchand at the Church of St. Louis des Invalides, Paris*

CELEBRATING THE SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE: A Reichswehr company marching past the tomb of the unknown soldier on Unter den Linden. [The fusion of the Northern and Southern German States was officially proclaimed at Versailles on January 18, 1871, when William I of Prussia became Emperor of Germany]



THE TEN VICTIMS OF THE WRECKED FRENCH AIR-LINER "EMERAUDE" lying in state in the Ecole Militaire, Paris. The *Emeraude*, which was homeward bound from Indo-China, crashed in a snowstorm at Corbigny, 150 miles from Paris





THE EXILE OF DOORN: Two pictures of the ex-Kaiser taken on his Dutch estate. He celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday to-day, January 27

GERMAN JUSTICE? Madame Dimitroff (centre), who has applied to the German Ministry of the Interior for the release of her son who, although acquitted at the recent Reichstag fire trial, is still being kept in prison. Herr Torgler was also acquitted and not released

A MYSTERY SOLVED: The Etruscan Language Translated

ETRUSCAN CHARACTERS ON A BRONZE BIRD: The text, which has for so long been a mystery, often occurs on objects such as this and on Etruscan tombs

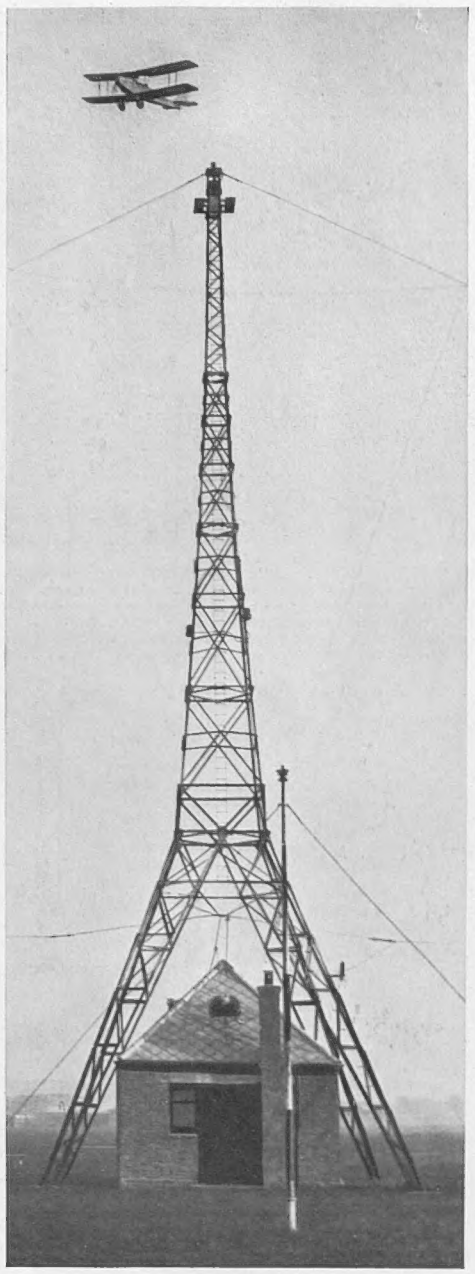
AN ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTION DECIPHERED: The writing on this cinerary urn in the Vatican Museum has now been translated by Professor Pironti. The urn bears the name of Larce Tutans, son of Larth

THE PERUGIA STEEL DECIPHERED: Professor Pironti says this is a record of a sale between two families. He has made a complete translation of it

PROFESSOR PIRONTI, who has succeeded in mastering the Etruscan language

Volume one of Professor Pironti's book, *Il Decifra-mento della Lingua Etrusca*, has now been published. It is the outcome of years of work in deciphering the Etruscan language and is considered of such importance that the Ministry of National Education has ordered a Commission to pronounce on the discovery. Professor Pironti has been known for some years to students of this mysterious language, and not long ago a famous Scots archæologist, speaking of Trombetti's attempt to decipher Etruscan, said: "There is a young man writing on that language who is, I believe, on the right path." That young man was Pironti. Professor Pironti considers that the Etruscan language belongs to the trunk of Ægean languages, but he has worked out his theory on entirely personal lines, and though there are a few scholarly students who are not yet persuaded, his beliefs are founded on a firm scientific basis, and are upheld by some of the best brains in Italy. In 1927 Pironti had already translated the words on the mantle of the famous bronze statue—l'Arringatore in Florence. There is an almost complete dictionary given in his new book.

BEAM DIRECTION: Installed at Croydon



THE NEW WIRELESS BEAM BEACON AT CROYDON AERODROME: It sends out a signal which it is hoped will greatly assist aviators in fog

For some little time past experiments have been made at various aerodromes with a view to guiding aviators during times of fog or during poor visibility at dusk. At Croydon aerodrome an experimental mast has just been completed which is capable of throwing out a steady wireless beam, the message of which can be read by any aeroplane fitted with the necessary receiver. As soon as the 'plane runs into the area of the beam, an indicator needle becomes active and by following the course indicated it is claimed that the pilot is able to make a successful landing within a few yards of a given spot in the aerodrome. Experiments have been made with this apparatus in America, and with the experience recently gained it is hoped that the peril of fog landings will be materially reduced. In the view given above the power, house is shown at the base of the steel tower.

AT THE BEAM CONTROL BOARD: The operator is regulating the strength of the current necessary for the proper emission of the wireless beam

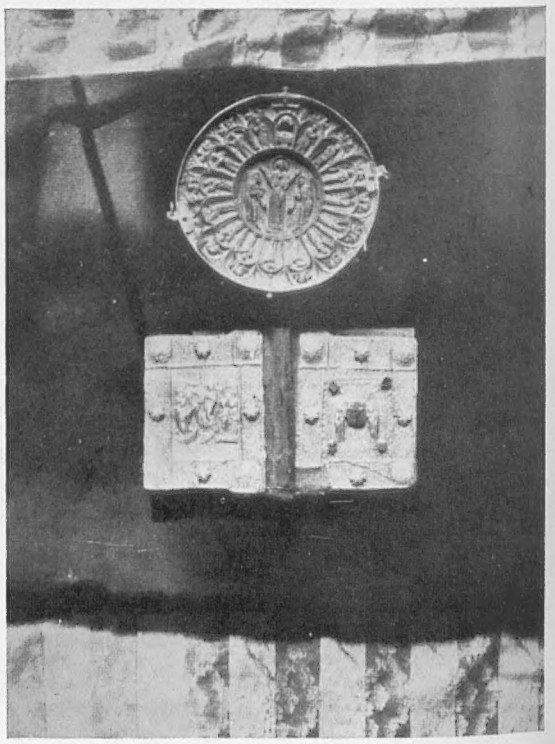
THE CODEX: Is the Famous Manuscript a Forgery?

THE GREEK MONASTERY OF THE HOLY MARTYR, ST. PANTELEIMON, MOUNT ATHOS, where the Greek expert, Simonides, worked on ancient manuscripts during part of his uncle's lifetime

A new facet in the strange story of the Codex Sinaiticus came suddenly into the news last week; it was hinted that the famous Codex might be a forgery. The origin of the story appears to have been a dinner-table remark by some Soviet representative to a member of the Diplomatic Corps that the Codex was a copy and not the original presented by Tischendorf to the Tsar. It would appear that some statement of this kind was made, for the daily Press woke suddenly to the realization that the Codex had a hidden story, and during the early days of this week the flood-gates of research were opened. The narrative of the curious acquisition of the Codex by Dr. Tischendorf, which was told in THE SPHERE of January 6, is being discussed and further details added to the story. Following this comes the question of the date of origin of the Codex itself. On Tuesday *The Morning Post* published the text of a letter in *The Guardian* of November 5, 1862, from the late Mr. William Aldis Wright of Cambridge giving an examination of the claims of Constantine Simonides, a Greek text expert who was accused at Leipzig of having forged certain documents, but was acquitted. Simonides had undoubtedly a wonderful flair for ancient MSS., the result presumably of his association with his reputed uncle, Benedict, head of the St. Panteleimon Monastery, Mt. Athos. Simonides' story is that he copied certain texts at Mt. Athos in order that his uncle might present to the Tsar some recognition of benefits received by the monastery. This was never completed, he says, and finally was deposited with the monks of Mt. Sinai.

A curious and awkward coincidence lies in the fact that the Codex contains a fragment known as "the Shepherd of Hermas," originally discovered by Simonides and which he would have a natural inclination to include in a collection of texts.

Mr. T. P. Greig discussed the importance of the date of Simonides' birth: "he was before he reached his teens an acknowledged genius." On Wednesday of this week further reference was made to this "unsolved mystery," and the *Daily Express* appeared with a statement in their characteristically bold type, "The Codex was stolen—Greek Church leader says it ought to be restored to the monks"—and there we must leave this matter for the moment.



THE WEALTH OF THE MOUNT ATHOS MONASTERIES: Many of this group of religious houses possess early or richly-decorated gospels. One, bound in beaten gold belonging to Xiropotamo, is shown in this picture with a jade communion cup

The facility to catch the play of winter sunshine through the bare poles of leafless trees is a particularly happy aspect of Mr. Rowland Hilder's art. He has the skill to produce light and colour in the eye of the spectator, although his only medium is black ink or charcoal pencil. The artist, however, does not confine himself to portraying the atmosphere of winter landscape. He has done much work in dockland and the lower Thames, both in colour and black and white, for towering masts and lace-like rigging attract him in the same way as do the filmy outlines of a winter forest

WINTER SUNSHINE

Lights the Leafless Trees

Two Sketches by
Rowland Hilder

WATER POWER IN CANADA

Vast Hydro-electric Plants that Supply the Main Centres of Population and Industry

MAKING THE MOST OF IT: Two of the four hydro-electric plants on the Gatineau River, Quebec. In Canada the same water is frequently used for creating power in several stations on one reach of river

CHEAP POWER FOR THE INDUSTRIAL AREAS: A closer view of one of the hydro-electric plants on the Gatineau River, Quebec

In no country in the world has water power been more vital to progress than in Canada, and in no country has greater use been made of it. In many countries water and fuel power are alternatives and compete, but Canada is dependent on water power for the great majority of all the power installed. This has led to much intensive study of the subject, and to Canada being in the forefront of the science and art of water power development.

This water power is distributed from coast to coast and is available to nearly all the large centres of population and industry. The total water power available is equivalent to about 43,000,000 installed horse-power, of which over 7,000,000, or some 16 per cent., had been put into service by January, 1933, and this includes some of the finest plants ever built. In 1901 water power supplied only about 37 per cent. of the total power in use, but about that time the active development of water power began, in units small at first, but ever increasing in size, and now hydraulic turbines supply over 80 per cent. of the total power. The amount installed has been added to over the past ten years at the average rate of over 400,000 horse-power per year.

In the early days there was much waste of both water and capital. The most obvious or easy sites on a given river were developed without regard to a complete survey and study of the total possibilities, and the best results were not always secured; for example, the fine plants erected at Niagara Falls in 1905 and 1907 have now been economically superseded by the cutting of a canal for nearly thirteen miles across country to a point beyond the succeeding rapids, thus doubling the head or fall available and giving twice the power from the same amount of water. In other cases the same water is now used two or more times in a series of power plants built on the same "power reach" of a river, and dams built on the upper parts of the main rivers and on their tributaries create enormous reservoirs that conserve the water previously wasted in spring floods, and give a regulated flow throughout the year; for example, on the Winnipeg River, Manitoba, the same water is now used six times, and will ultimately be used eight times, to supply some 750,000 turbine h.p. in successive plants.

The size and variety of the developed water powers are surprising. The fall or drop utilized in Canada varies from 5 ft. to 1,350 ft. — the h.p. installed in a single plant from ½ h.p. to 600,000 h.p. The total number of plants in Canada is about 2,600. In several of the smaller developments the power is used locally as mechanical power for sawmills, grist mills, etc., and also on a large scale for grinding wood into pulp for paper-making; but the vast majority of the whole is converted into electric power and part of this is transmitted in amounts up to 250,000 h.p. for distances up to nearly 300 miles.

As in England with the grid system, the original individual stations are now mainly merged into extensive interconnected supply systems, but of even greater areas—the largest such system in Canada is that of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario with an area of about 33,000 square miles (not however entirely interconnected) and an annual output of well over 4 billion kilowatt-hours supplying nearly 750 municipalities—the total power investment of the Commission and of the municipalities supplied is nearly £80,000,000. Amongst other large systems are that of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company which supplies more than 400 municipalities over an area of 20,000 square miles, and that of the Southern Canada Power Company extending over an area of 6,000 square miles.

The value of water power in assisting the industrial development of Canada from coast to coast is most clearly demonstrated in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. These provinces are entirely coal-less, except for a small and almost inaccessible deposit of lignite near James Bay in Hudson Bay, and they are therefore almost wholly dependent on water power. They contain over sixty per cent. of the total population and over eighty per cent. of the manufacturing industry of the Dominion, and it is very clear that without their ample resources of readily available water power they could never have attained the present industrial development that enables them to compete with the factories of the United States, and to export manufactured goods to all parts of the world.

Electric energy for domestic uses is so cheap in many of the cities and larger towns that when used for cooking and appliances as well as for light the average price will often work out to well under a penny per unit and a lamp or two occasionally left on all night will make no detectable difference in the bill!

H. E. M. Kensit

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE: The Beauharnois power station in course of construction. Ultimately it will develop 2,000,000 h.p.

FROM ALL QUARTERS

SALMON FISHING ON THE TAY: A thirty-pounder landed by Sir Alexander Maguire (centre). Sir Alexander, who is chairman and managing director of large concerns in Dublin and Belfast, was knighted in 1917

AT THE WHADDON CHASE ADULTS' AND CHILDREN'S MEET AT MENTMORE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD: The Countess of Rosebery and Lord Primrose. Lord Rosebery is now Joint Master of the Hunt

WINDY EDINBURGH: Policemen were stationed near the Waverley steps last week to assist pedestrians during the gale, which was blowing so strongly that many women could not venture out unaided

THE BOYS OF ALLEYN'S SCHOOL, DULWICH, are making their own running track under the supervision of their games master. They are seen in this picture laying the "hard core"

THE GREAT DUKE, FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT: Marlborough is shown wearing a full wig which rests upon his shining armour. In his hand he grasps a baton

POLITICS, THE ARMY, AND LETTERS UNDER QUEEN ANNE: This group gives some idea of the wealth of portraiture at the Queen Anne exhibition. It occupies one corner of a big room at Chesterfield House. Above from left to right are: Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford—one of the Chief Ministers under Queen Anne, and responsible for the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which ended the War of the Spanish Succession (lent by the Duke of Portland); The Earl of Halifax (lent by Mr. Stevenson); The Earl of Nottingham (lent by Mr. Finch). Bottom row: Joseph Addison, the famous essayist and founder of *The Spectator* (lent by Mr. Clinton Baker); Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham (lent by Earl Stanhope); The Earl of Peterborough, Charles Mordaunt, a brilliant soldier who distinguished himself by the taking of Barcelona in 1706; Alexander Pope, the greatest poet and satirist of his age (lent by Earl Bathurst)

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S BROTHER IN-ARMS: Prince Eugène of Savoy, from a portrait by Kneller. He is wearing round his throat the lace cravat of the period

THE DAUGHTER OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: Arabella Churchill was the mother of the famous Duke of Berwick and the mistress of James II. The portrait belies Macaulay's description

MALBROUGH S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE

Some Remarkable Pictures which will Enthral Students of History at the Great Queen Anne Exhibition at Chesterfield House

The great Duke lives once again—on the walls and in the rooms of Chesterfield House, where a fascinating exhibition has just been opened in aid of the funds of the Y.W.C.A. One sees the unconquered general surrounded by naval and military commanders and all the great figures of his age. Here are his famous Duchess, who is playing cards with her friend, and Arabella Churchill, who won for herself by her wit and grace such a high place at Court. The "young lady was plain," says the jealous Macaulay, who could see no possible good in a Churchill, but one glance at her pleasant features and the Whig historian is discounted once again. The Admirals of the Fleet are commanding figures in their full-laced coats—the military men are all in shining cuirass. All wear the flowing full-bottom wig, which in some cases is of enormous proportions. It was not a long-lived fashion, and one scarcely realizes how odd a custom it was until one sees it in serried array in this gallery of portraiture which the organizers of the Exhibition are to be congratulated on having gathered together.

But all students of the military history of Europe will turn instinctively to the portraits of the great Duke and his companion-in-arms, Prince Eugène of Savoy. There never has been perhaps in the whole history of military leadership such a union of genius and friendship as held these two remarkable figures together. They first came into close contact a short time before the Battle of Blenheim. Ever afterwards, till death separated them, they remained a perfect example of the friendship based on complete mutual trust.

Both were men of outstanding genius in the field of arms and never a breath of jealousy blew between them. At Blenheim Eugène had not had the luck, though commanding brilliantly, to make many captures, John Churchill had had the good fortune to capture 11,000; he at once divides the prisoners with his brother-in-arms. The great Duke is represented at Chesterfield House by a number of portraits, only one of which we are enabled to show here—evidently a portrait painted at an early period in his military career; when we see him at later periods, he is in more gorgeous trappings.

The artist (none of them too well equipped at this period), shadows out something of the qualities of Marlborough's character. One longs for the master hand to show us on canvas this mighty spirit of a great age of transition. The face as we see it is long and oval, with intelligent eyes and sensitive mouth. One recalls the almost universal fascination which he exercised over all but his bitterest enemies. He possessed qualities of patience and judgment which were quite unknown to Napoleon. He understood completely the rough type of British soldier with whom he had to deal.

His evident care and understanding brought almost instant response from the mixed troop he commanded and from whom he could demand the most preposterous marches. At his side, in spirit or in person, rode his fellow genius, Prince Eugène of Savoy, leader of the Emperor's forces. Another realm of human reaction had to test the great Duke. It was no longer the care of subordinates, it was the final test of acting with an equal. We have at Chesterfield House an intriguing portrait of Eugène, which shows only the head and shoulders. One does not see fully the slight figure which held this flaming spirit.

There is, however, a touch of elegance about armour and lace cravat. The eyes look out from under strongly marked brows. In battle after battle they fought together: Eugène out-lived his comrade by fourteen years. One cannot detail here all the relics, trophies, examples of glass, furniture, and carving of the Queen Anne period which fill the rooms of Chesterfield House. One can only say that a visit will amply repay the lover of history.

THE FAMOUS SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, with her friend, Lady Fitzharding, sister of Elizabeth Villiers. They are shown in this picture playing a game of cards

CAPTAIN PHILIP STANHOPE was a naval captain of Queen Anne's day. He was killed at Port Mahon in Minorca when the town was taken by the 1st Earl Stanhope in 1708

THE CONQUEROR OF GIBRALTAR: Sir George Rooke is here shown in the splendour of a full bottom wig and embroidered coat. He took Gibraltar in 1704

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LORD JOHN HAY, Commander of the Royal Scots Greys at Ramillies—the battle which compelled the French to give up the Spanish Netherlands

ADMIRAL SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL: He fought under Rooke in the Mediterranean and met a tragic end off the Scilly Isles when his ship sank with 800 men

THE SAAR

French Mining Activities Imperil a Saarland Village—Houses Propped Up with Timber to Save Them from Collapse

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY: A German home in the Saar mining village of Schnappbach. The window is propped up by timber to prevent the collapse of the house, which has been undermined by the French coal workings

THE RUBACHTAL INN, once a popular resort, is now in danger of destruction. The French mining authorities are said to have offered compensation, but it is evidently not sufficient to restore the building

DISTANT VIEW OF THE MINING VILLAGE IN THE SAAR BASIN which is now in danger of collapse. *Left*—How the despairing villagers are attempting to prop up their houses in a last vain attempt to save them from destruction

While the future of the Saar territory hangs in the balance, France continues to work the mines to their uttermost. The pictures on this page were taken by a German photographer, and show how a whole village is being destroyed through mining activities which are taking place too near the houses. This, of course, may be an isolated case but, none the less, it appears that an injustice is being done to these people of the Saar. Churches, inns, houses, and other buildings are in imminent danger of collapse, and, according to the German photographer who described the pictures that he took, the compensation offered is quite inadequate. It would be interesting to hear the French point of view

THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF SCHNAPPBACH, where the ground has subsided and large cracks in the walls are making it unsafe for use. The workings are so close to the surface that the villagers are constantly disturbed by the sound of the picks. They are too poor to be able to go to law over the matter

LIFE IN THE LAND OF

The Saar Basin, Where the People are to Decide by Plebiscite Become French, or German, or to be Administered Under

THE FRENCH MINE ADMINISTRATION AT SAARBRUCKEN, formerly the offices of the Prussian Mine Treasury of the Saar district. Under the Versailles Treaty, France was given authority to work the collieries. The first engagement of the Franco-Prussian War took place in Saarbrücken in 1870, and in May, 1918, it was occupied by the Allies

THE MARKET SQUARE AT SAARLOUIS, the town which was founded in 1680 by Louis XIV. In 1815 it became a part of Prussia, but in 1919 was occupied by the Allies. Marshal Ney, the famous Napoleonic general, and General von Lettow-Vorbeck were both born here

AN AERIAL VIEW OF SAARBRÜCKEN. To the left is the Saar River, and on the right one of the new suburbs. The population is over 130,000. Nearly 3,000,000 tons of iron and steel, and over 10,000,000 metric tons of coal, are produced in this district annually—hence the present anxiety of Germany to regain, and of France to retain, control of the collieries

AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE IN THE SAAR BASIN: A general view of the great iron-works at Neunkirchen. A disaster took place here last year when a gasometer blew up, killing a hundred and injuring over a thousand of the inhabitants

A FOUNDRY WORKER OF VOELTLINGEN, an important centre of iron and steel production in the Saar Basin. The town is about six-and-a-half miles from Saarbrücken, and in normal times some 30,000 men are employed in the foundries

After the Armistice of 1918 the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine again brought the French frontier close to the valley of the Saar. The big metallurgical establishments of Lorraine were dependent upon the Saar for their coal, and so it happened that, under the Treaty of Versailles, France was conceded the ownership of all coal deposits in the valley as compensation for the destruction of her northern collieries during the War. In order to ensure that France should not be deprived of these rights, the League of Nations

THE LEAGUE

Whether the Territory is to
the Ægis of Geneva

MR. KNOX, THE BRITISH PRESIDENT OF THE SAAR GOVERNING COMMISSION, who was appointed by the League of Nations under the terms of the Versailles Treaty. He has recently reported to the League an increase in Nazi terrorism, and states that attempts are being made to intimidate the police from proceeding against the authors of Nazi outrages. The Commission is appointed by the League of Nations, and consists of one French member, one resident member from the Saar, and three members who may be neither French nor German

BARGEES OF THE SAAR: A typical riverside picture from the famous coal-mining district. In the background is one of the collieries

THE SAARLAND CREST, with which is incorporated the rising sun crest of Le Roi Soleil, Louis XIV

BOUND FOR FRANCE: A barge laden with coal being hauled down the River Saar en route for the factories of Lorraine. It will return laden with ore

A POLICEMAN OF THE SAAR: A recent report states that "a Nazi register has been kept of the doings and sayings of every individual constable, all of whom have been given to understand that they will fare badly if the Saar is returned to Germany unless, meanwhile, they show themselves zealous in the Nazi cause"

was in 1920 entrusted with the task of governing the territory. All powers previously enjoyed by the German Government were transferred to a commission of five, which is appointed yearly from Geneva. This regime is now drawing to a close, and the people of the Saar will soon be asked to decide whether they wish for reunion with France, or Germany, or to continue under the ægis of the League. Needless to say, feeling is running high, and, unfortunately, Nazi acts of secret pressure are tending to make the position even more delicate. An article on the subject will be found on the next page

THE PASSPORT which every German citizen of the Saar has to carry when travelling. Many Germans take exception to being called "protégés de la France"

THE LOOP IN THE SAAR AT METILACH: A view of the river where it runs through the most picturesque portion of the Saar territory

THE FUTURE OF THE SAAR

Where an Englishman is Virtually Dictator

Once again the smouldering embers of political anxiety threaten to burst into flames in the Saar Valley; that thickly populated area of 700 sq. miles, sandwiched in between France and Germany, directly above Lorraine.

What will happen to the Saar in 1935 when the League of Nations, at present called upon to maintain the most complicated mandate of governing fairly and justly a district placed between the two diametrically opposed nations, terminates its control?

"Anything," say the pessimists. their eyes on a conflagration. "One thing only," cry the National Socialists. "We must wait and see," plead the prudent men of the Saar, their hearts wrung with the conflicting emotions of antipathy towards France, respect for the present form of government, and a newly born fear of National Socialism. Already the burghers of Saarbrücken, the capital of the area, have detected something more than friendship in the upraised hand of the Nazi salute that is reaching over the unprotected frontier. For some the reunion may be anything but a happy one.

The Governing Commission recently reported to the League that: "The Nationalist Socialist Party shows in all fields of public and private life an activity which takes the form of an increasing campaign involving threats, denunciation, and disguised boycotts directed against inhabitants of the territory suspected of not sharing its political ideas." Last year twelve publications in the Saar were suspended for disseminating threats and intimidations.

From its early days of Roman occupation the history of the Saar territory has been marked by sundry changes of ownership. Louis XIV of France founded the town of Saarlouis, and built there a noble town hall, the lofty walls of which are still hung with the Gobelins he presented. Then the area belonged to the Counts of Nassau. In 1801, its towns garnished with elegant baroque architecture of French influence, the Saar passed completely into the hands of France. Fourteen years later the Peace of Paris ceded it to Prussia, and above its seventy square miles of rich coalfields there grew the townships we know to-day, perfect specimens of the German conception of baroque, with stately and ponderous buildings, typical of the Teutonic idea of architectural grandeur. The streets of Saarbrücken, where to-day the local gendarmerie or "Landsjägerkorps," in their smart khaki uniforms, strive to keep the peace between the Marxists and the Socialists, are notable examples of this vigorous baroque.

Apart from the Gobelins and the name of Saarlouis, little remains of the early French influence. The population is heart and soul German.

This is more recent history of the territory. After the Great War, France claimed the possession of the Saar at the Paris Peace Conference. Of the various grounds for possession advanced, the more important were that she needed compensation for the German destruction of the mines in Northern France, and further that the iron of Lorraine was of little use to her without the Saar coal. President Wilson opposed the motion, but under the Treaty of Versailles Germany ceded the full and absolute possession of the coal mines, and renounced any part in the government of the area in favour of the League until 1935. A plebiscite will be held next year to decide whether the Saar basin shall continue to be governed by the League, shall be ceded to France, or joined again to Germany.

Quite naturally the administration of such a territory presented the League with a grave enough problem. The presence of the French troops was a constant anathema to the inhabitants, but the area had to be efficiently policed, protection given to the railways and mines, and the letter of the Treaty observed. The League soon got to work on its ticklish task, and in 1927 the sullen eyes of the industrious inhabitants brightened considerably when the unpopular French troops were withdrawn.

The problem of replacing them was a complicated one. How could the Governing Commission expect a purely German gendarmerie to protect the interests of France against their own countrymen? The League decided to try, and to-day the Saar is policed by 1,000 picked men in distinctive uniform, assisted by a local police force numbering 700, whose function is very much that of our own constables — the prevention of civil crime.

Coal mines constitute the largest industry of the territory, producing over 11,000,000 tons annually and employing 70,000 workmen, directed by French inspectors and engineers. Another 30,000 are employed in iron and steel works.

Until recently, the region has been industrially peaceful. Even when there was a lock-out of 7,000 men at a big steel works at Volkingen, the presence of twenty of these gendarmes seemed unnecessary. Economically the autonomous domain is a happy one. The unemployment figure is 2·7 per cent. There is no foreign debt. Taxation is low enough to be negligible and the Saar is not responsible for any reparation payments.

Administration of this international hybrid is conducted by a commission of five, appointed by and responsible to the League of Nations. Mr. G. G. Knox has recently succeeded to the Presidency of the Commission. He is assisted by one Frenchman, one resident of the Saar, and three neutrals. This administration will hold the reins of Government when the vital day of April 1, 1935, arrives and the plebiscite is due. The chairman of the Commission received a salary of 180,000 French francs for entertainment. An Advisory Council of thirty representatives of the territory has been established by the Commission.

Since May, 1933, the situation in the Saar has become tense. It has presented the commission with a grave problem—that of premature Nazi interference.

Hitler has declared that he considers the possession of the Saar the only territorial question to be settled between Germany and France. The Commission are determined to uphold the right of free speech. Recently Jews have poured into the Saar, fleeing from the Nazi regime. There is a strong feeling among the population of the Saar that when the reign of the League Commission terminates, many of them will be terrorized. What a dilemma for a German national who may have looked forward so eagerly to reunion with his Fatherland, and yet is brought to fear the consequence!

Public opinion in the Saar runs high. The Nazis, heartened by the unanimous return of Hitler, claim that the result of the plebiscite is a foregone conclusion. Others hold the opinion that this eager and relentless propaganda pouring over the frontier is decreasing the chances of German success. The Jews and the Moderates may sway the vote. There is also a suggestion that the League may feel compelled to postpone the plebiscite and maintain its present administration until the factions behave themselves.

Should it decide on this bold step, the impatient Brown Shirts may attempt to challenge its authority. Then there may be other work for those smart policemen than escorting beflagged processions and preventing the Marxists and the Communists from battering each other in those sedate streets.

But the fact remains, the Saar annexe to the Treaty of Versailles ordains that the League Council has the power, not only to decide the conditions of the plebiscite, but to elect whether the whole or portions of the territory be subject to it. Meanwhile, during the area's most troubled period, an Englishman is virtually dictator!

Keith Ayling

THE CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS, SAARBRÜCKEN: A masterpiece of baroque architecture

MAN'S INGENUITY

"OR THINE ESPECIAL SAFETY": Telephones have now been installed along the L.N.E.R. track between London and Shenfield on the main Ipswich line. When his train is stopped, the engine-driver can thus communicate with the nearest signal box, and find out the reason for the delay

RACKETS EN MASSE: To meet the coming summer demand, a London factory is now turning out 3,000 tennis rackets a week by a new process of multiple construction. This lady is seen holding one of the blocks of veneer from which the frames are cut. The rackets made by this method are claimed not to warp and not to need a press, even after wet weather

DRIVING UNDER WATER: An interesting engineering feat has been accomplished at Alperton, Middlesex, where an aqueduct has been made to carry the Grand Union Canal over the North Circular Road

THE COINING PRESS: Egyptian coins being stamped at the Royal Mint, London. These particular silver pieces are worth ten piastres, about two shillings. On the obverse is stamped the head of King Fuad

BUILT IN THE TIN-CLAD PERIOD: The cruiser, *Duguay Trouin*, was laid down in 1922 and completed in 1925. Except for thin gun shields she has no protective armour, but carries a superior type of 6·1-inch gun

A FRENCH WASHINGTON CRUISER: The *Duquesne* was completed is 1928 under the terms of the Washington Treaty. She has a displacement of 10,000 tons, has practically no armour, and is equipped with scouting seaplanes

THE NEW NAVY OF FRANCE

Some of the Admirable Qualities of Its Varied and Specialised Types

During the War there is no doubt that, to a certain degree, the French Navy was very disappointing to the country at large, with the exception of a few conspicuous operations and actions, but that must not be taken as the fault of the fleet. It had been subsidiary to the Army for many years in national and popular consideration, and the War proved that it was subsidiary in every plan as well. Every chance that it had of really distinguishing itself was checked by purely military considerations. Also it had been the plaything of the politicians; for many years before 1914 the post of Minister of Marine was regarded purely as a political award, with the result that few lasted more than a few months in office, and these months were generally spent reversing every plan made by their predecessors, no matter what professional opinion might be. This constant change of policy had its inevitable result on material, while the personnel were exasperated towards Bolshevism in the latter days of the War.

All this was reversed by the late M. Georges Leygues, the finest Minister of Marine that France has enjoyed since the days of Colbert. His political opinions were considered lukewarm to the point of heresy by his colleagues, and he was quite content to serve as head of the Navy under various Governments holding very varied views. The service was all that counted with him, and in a few years he effected a revolutionary change. Ships that were authorized were actually built, designs that were approved were allowed to stand unaltered against all the suggestions of the cranks, principles of design were steadily developed until the fleet was homogeneous in each branch and, perhaps the greatest thing of all, the personnel were trusted and considered, and it responded loyally. Promotion for merit, irrespective of age and influence, and sea time in all weathers, made a huge difference, while by paying particular attention to every subject, from pensions to cooking, M. Leygues persuaded the professional seamen that navy life was well worth while, and secured ample voluntary long service instead of the shortest possible sullen resistance.

His influence was felt not only inside the service but also outside, where it was perhaps needed most of all. When he set himself the colossal task of interesting the French public in naval matters he was laughed at; France had always been a military Power, and the Navy had been regarded as little more than a necessary expense since the days of Napoleon. But he persevered and succeeded. The clever and untiring propaganda of the French Navy League has been equal to that of the German before the War. Sea Scouts have enrolled in thousands and have been given every encouragement and help by the Navy. The fleet has been exhibited at every opportunity, artists and writers have been enrolled to help in the work, and the cinematograph has proved an invaluable ally. Now the Navy occupies a higher place in French public opinion than at practically any period since Colbert.

M. Leygues died only recently at a great age, and the present French Navy is his monument. France signed the Washington Disarmament Treaty which limited the number of capital ships and the size and armament of cruisers, etc., but when the Treaty of London limited the numbers of the smaller types she stubbornly refused to have anything to do with it. The country is frankly nervous at Italy's naval growth under the Fascist regime, both in material and efficiency, and is equally apprehensive of the renaissance of the German Navy, especially since the 10,000-ton "pocket battleships" have proved themselves a very practical proposition.

Between the end of the War and quite recently all new French construction has been on the principle of the *Jeune Ecole* which has always been popular in France. Nothing bigger than a cruiser was considered for many years, except one battleship of pre-War design that was converted into an aircraft carrier. The remaining pre-War battleships are being used for training and such service until they wear out, but for years no attempt was made to replace them as France is entitled to do under the Washington Treaty. Cruisers, flotilla leaders, destroyers, submarines, and mosquito motor torpedo boats were exclusively built; youth was to have its chance to exhibit Gallic dash.

ONE OF FRANCE'S FINE FLEET OF DESTROYERS: The *Foudroyant* was completed in 1929. Her 5-inch guns are said to possess a range of 19,000 yards

FRANCE'S SUBMARINE FLEET, which is the largest in the world, includes this vessel, the *Redoubtable* (1928). She has an armament of ten torpedo tubes and two anti-aircraft guns

THE WELL-DESIGNED FLOTILLA LEADERS OF THE FRENCH NAVY include the *Cassard*, one of a group of thirty-one vessels, all of the same general pattern. They are nimble, four-funnelled vessels which suit French colonial necessities admirably. (All the pictures on this page are by Marius Bar of Toulon)

The progress of the German Navy has somewhat modified this policy, but only to a certain extent. The 10,000-ton battleships of the *Deutschland* type are so powerful that it is recognized that a stiffening of capital ships is needed for the Northern Squadron, and the *Dunkerque* is now under construction as an answer to the new Germans. Her displacement of 26,500 tons seems small beside the 35,000 tons of H.M.S. *Nelson*, but she is up to date in every particular, is to have a speed of 33 knots against the *Nelson's* 23, and in addition to thick armour will have a main battery of eight 13-inch guns.

But it is the post-War cruiser fleet that attracts the most attention and unstinted praise. France was the nation which began construction in this type after the Armistice, and for a time held to the tin-clad principle based on the late Lord Fisher's slogan that "speed is the best protection." The *Duguay Trouin* type of three cruisers has no protection in its displacement of 7,250 tons, but a speed of 33 knots and eight 6·1-inch high velocity guns.

Then came the craze for the "Washington cruiser," making the maximum laid down in that treaty the minimum. Like all the other Washington ships in the world the French, seven in all, have a displacement of 10,000 tons and mount eight 8-inch guns. But they started on the tin-clad principle with no protection and a speed of 35 knots and the design gradually changed to the *Algérie*, which is now being tried, having a speed of 31 knots and excellent protection. She is regarded as the finest Washington cruiser in the world and the only one that can be called a really efficient fighting ship.

There are three hybrids in the cruiser fleet, the minelayers *Pluton* and *Bertin*, the latter having become very much more of a cruiser than minelayer in the course of construction, and the training ship *Jeanne d'Arc*, all three of them very useful adjuncts to the cruiser fleet. In addition there are now under construction half-a-dozen splendid ships of 7,500 tons apiece, intended as an answer to the fast Italian ships, having a battery of nine 6·1-inch guns, a speed of 36 knots and, by saving weight wherever possible, very fair protection.

After that there come two types which are peculiar to France and which suit her requirements exactly. The first consists of seven Diesel-engined "sloops," intended for work in the colonies and on the trade lanes, mounting three 5·5-inch guns on a displacement of 2,140 tons and having a nominal speed of 15½ knots, although they have gone up to

(Continued on p. 144)

NEPTUNE'S RAGE

The Wild Seas of Winter Pound Against the Eddystone Lighthouse

This remarkable aerial view of the Eddystone Lighthouse was taken a few days ago when the winter gales were at their height. This is the fourth great lighthouse erected on these dangerous rocks, which for centuries have menaced the safety of vessels in the English Channel. The first structure was built by Winstanley between 1696 and 1700. It was a 100-ft. wooden tower, but proved inadequate as some three years later it was destroyed in a storm. Another wooden building took its place in 1709, but this was burned down in the middle of the century. The third building, the remains of which can be seen on the left of this picture, was the work of the famous engineer, Smeaton. It was constructed of great blocks of Portland oolite, dovetailed and jointed, and encased in granite. At the time it was considered the most remarkable lighthouse in the world. The present tower was built some forty yards away from Smeaton's and architecturally is very similar. It was completed in 1882 by Sir James N. Douglass, F.R.S.

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A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK Z

A Rare African Antelope in Captivity

"I'LL BE HANGED IF I LL HURRY!" A remarkable picture of a sloth taken in the New York Zoo. Sloths are exclusively arboreal animals and are noted for their slowness. They have long claws which enable them to obtain a firm hold upon the branches along which they crawl

THE FIRST BONGO EVER KEPT IN CAPTIVITY OUTSIDE AFRICA: This rare and beautiful type of antelope, which was captured in Kenya by Colonel E. Percy Smith, is now in the New York Zoo

PRONGHORN ANTELOPE: These shapely creatures with their quaintly marked faces formerly vied with the bison in being the commonest North American hoofed mammal. They are found only in the western regions of the continent, and a few years ago were decreasing in numbers with alarming rapidity. To-day, however, their progress towards extinction has been checked successfully. The pronghorn is related to the family bovidæ, but the horns are deciduous and branched with prongs.

(The pictures on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society)

A DISTINGUISHED RESIDENT AT THE NEW YORK ZOO: An excellent picture of Doreen, the bongo, taken after she had spent nearly a year in captivity. This creature has a brilliant chestnut coat with curious ring-like markings

The bongo, which is the rarest and one of the largest of East African antelope, has its home in the dense mountain forests of Kenya at a height of several thousands of feet. As the accompanying pictures show, it is beautifully proportioned and has the most pleasing white markings. It is an elusive creature and, having particularly acute hearing, is usually able to avoid its intending captors with little difficulty. Doreen, the female bongo which is now in the New York Zoo, was taken to America in 1932. Although she is the only example of her species in captivity outside the African continent, she appears to be thriving. After capture she was weaned and accustomed to a dry grain and hay diet, and was then taken by motor truck and rail to Mombasa. On November 26, 1932, she was loaded on the S.S. *Durham Castle*, conveyed to London, and then transhipped to the S.S. *American Banker*. According to the bulletin of the New York Zoological Society, "she survived her long journey in perfect condition, accepted her roomy quarters in the antelope house without fuss or bother, and at once seemed to make herself at home." It will be noticed that Doreen, although a female, has horns

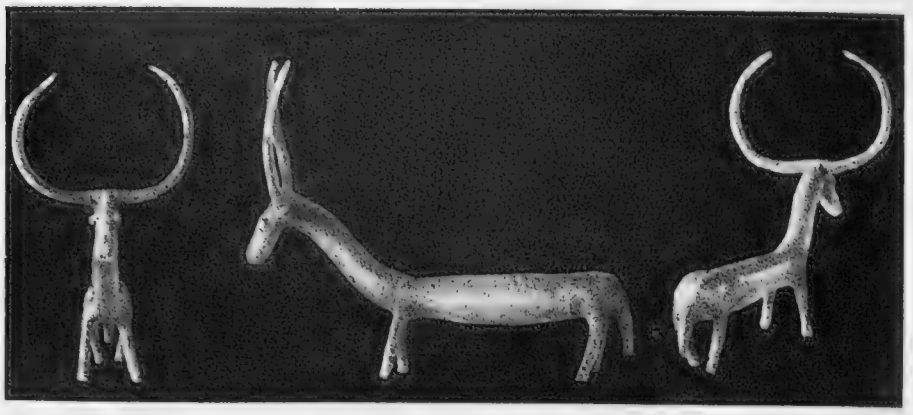
BEAUTY OF THE BONGO: Another picture of this rare antelope showing her beautiful white markings. She has eleven stripes on one side and twelve on the other

IE SHOEBILL: This heron is so named because of the resemblance of its beak to an Arab shoe. It inhabits the great swamps of tropical Africa

AN ALMOST HAIRLESS HOG FROM THE CELEBES, EAST INDIES: This interesting species of hog, which is known as the babiroussa, is largely found in marshy forests. The teeth are most unusual and, in this picture, two of the upper canines appear to emerge from the middle of the face. In the males they grow to an amazing size and curve almost into a complete circle. The babiroussa swims well and frequently, and is valued for eating purposes

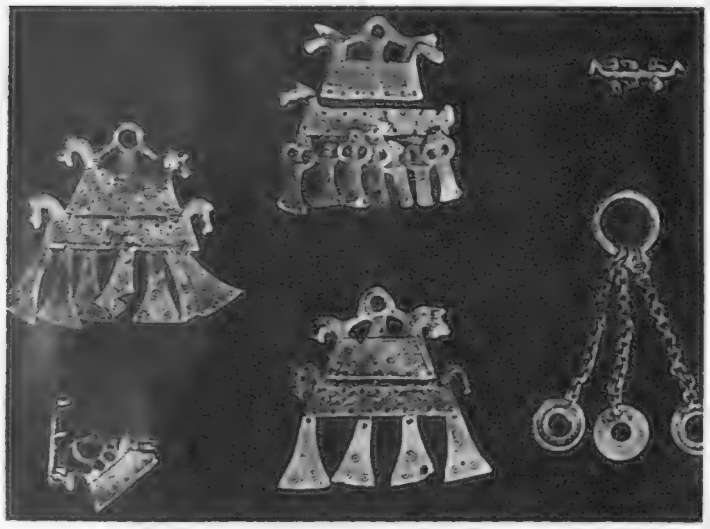
THE TREASURES OF CARNIOLA

A Famous Collection of Iron Age Relics Auctioned at the Anderson Galleries, New York



ANIMAL FIGURES DATING FROM 800 B.C.: Some of the valuable relics discovered at Carniola by the Duchess of Mecklenburg

A RARE SITULA (PAIL) from the collection of Iron Age relics excavated by the late Duchess Friedrich Paul of Mecklenburg. It is decorated with a single frieze of animals resembling antelope, and is regarded as the most important object in the collection



BROOCHES DISCOVERED AT CARNIOLA: These remarkable relics, which were auctioned at the Anderson Galleries last week, also form a part of the famous collection which illustrates the development of civilization in the S.E. region of the Alps from the eighth to the fourth centuries B.C.

Light is shed on a past civilization, with its vast scientific interest and romance, by the dispersal of the celebrated collection of pre-historic finds from Carniola, excavated by Her Highness the late Duchess Friedrich Paul of Mecklenburg, and sold by order of the Duchess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg, at the Anderson Galleries, New York, on January 19.

Outside the limited circles of members of the late Central European Courts and savants of archæology, little has been known of the existence of this great collection of some 20,000 bronze and iron objects illustrating the development of civilization in the South-Eastern region of the Alps during the early Iron Age of Europe, from the eighth century B.C. to the fourth century B.C.

For some ten years the late Duchess Friedrich Paul of Mecklenburg devoted herself to the research and recording of these unique discoveries in Carniola, and interesting autograph letters and documents from the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, and such renowned archæologists as the late Professors Oscar Montelius and Déchlette, are preserved with the collection.

The Duchess was also aided financially by the German Emperor.

In order to comprehend the significance of this veritable museum of objects, illustrating the development of man about 800 years prior to the Christian era, the following brief summary, based on the scientific data of archæologists during the past thirty years, is of interest.

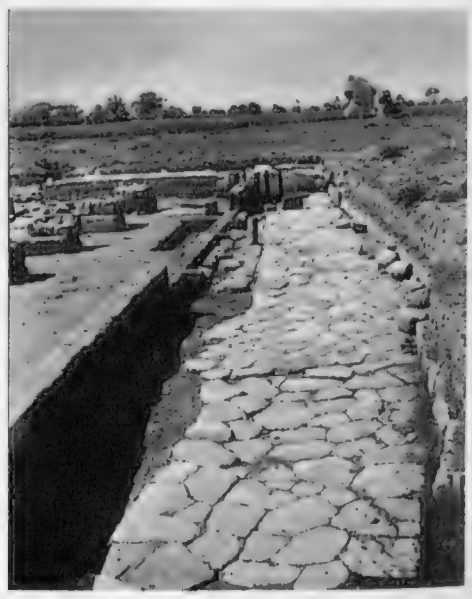
Parallel with classical civilizations there lived, in an almost uninterrupted chain, tribes of people known by the Romans as "barbarians" inhabiting those countries of Central Europe which afterwards became Roman provinces. These tribes were peasants; they tilled the soil, were acquainted with all our domestic animals, made extensive migrations and bartered goods, and they imported beautiful objects from the East which they had the enterprise to imitate, adding their own peculiar characteristics to the objects they themselves thus created. Although these tribes were primitive in their mode of life and their outlook, they carried on an unbroken tradition, and it can truly be said that these peasants are the chain which links up the Stone Age with modern Europe.

No civilization in prehistoric Europe north of the Alps was of such importance, and at the same time of such splendour, as the Early Iron Age civilization, which lasted from about 800 B.C. to 400 B.C. This Early Iron Age is the immediate precursor of the so-called Second Prehistoric Iron Age, which was due to Celtic expansion from Eastern France and Western Germany.

About eighty years ago the Austrian authorities began excavations in the cemetery near the salt mines of Hallstatt in Upper Austria. They opened up some 1,000 tombs, and what they discovered enriched the Vienna State Museum and the museum at Laibach. Prince Ernest of Windischgrätz added to the knowledge of this period by his famous excavations in Carniola. This important work was continued by his cousin, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. It is the wonderful collection of treasures so formed that has just been auctioned in New York.

PART OF A STATUE UNEARTHED AT MINTURNAE, where important excavations are now taking place

A HELMET OF 800 B.C.: It was during this period that the uses of iron were first realized in Italy, Greece, and the Alpine regions. This double-crested headgear is in excellent preservation considering the many centuries it has lain buried



EXCAVATIONS IN MINTURNAE: This was one of the three towns of the Auruncl—a people who made war on Rome in 314 B.C. *Left*—A recently unearthed statue of the Emperor Tiberius. *Right*—A street in Minturnae. (It was in the marshes near the town that Marius hid during his flight from Sulla)

A MANUSCRIPT DOCTOR AT WORK

Preparing Papyrus Sheets for Deciphering at the Old Museum, Berlin

RESTORING AN ANCIENT PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT: Dr. Ibscher, who is in charge of this work at the Old Museum, Berlin, and who is one of the few men in the world with sufficient experience for the task, is seen separating the interlocked leaves of an old manuscript. Sometimes it will take him weeks to piece together even a small paragraph

DR. IBSCHER AT WORK ON A MANUSCRIPT RECENTLY UNEARTHED AT FIUME: The doctor has an extensive knowledge of the ancient languages which enables him to read partly destroyed MSS. and gradually piece them together. He uses a small air-suction tube for blowing away the dust and dirt which are collected on the surface of the mouldering papyrus

FILING AWAY RESTORED PAPYRUS: During the past forty years Dr. Ibscher has dealt with over 20,000 manuscripts. Museums in all parts of the world have sent him their treasures and he has been honoured many times for his work. Pope Pius XI, who ordered the restoration of old charters from Spanish monasteries, made him "Ritter Commendatore" of the Order of St. Gregory

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COFFINS were often made of old letters and manuscripts which were stuck together and painted over. Dr. Ibscher is seen searching for portions of papyrus which, when deciphered, frequently lead to the discovery of new facts regarding the early dynasties of Egypt

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RECIPE pieced together by Dr. Ibscher. It is firmly secured between sheets of glass

CLEANING A MANUSCRIPT: The small suction tube, which Dr. Ibscher is seen holding, is just powerful enough to draw the dust away from the writing. If he used chemicals the papyrus would probably be destroyed

THE MAGNET OF MONTE CARLO: The Casino and its lovely gardens floodlit

FAITES VOS JEUX: The scene of animation at the tables

Life is a funny business. Six times I have been to Monte Carlo, and on each occasion I tried hard to get in touch with Réné Léon, the presiding genius of the Anonymous Society of Sea Water Baths (in other words, the Casino). And each time he proved too elusive even for me. Then one of Les Girls at the Dorchester told me he had been to see their floor show the previous evening. And within twenty-four hours I achieved this seven-year-old ambition of meeting the redoubtable Réné face to face, and better still, of persuading him to talk about Monte Carlo. There seems to be nothing now that I do not know about systems, suicides, croupiers, "breaking the bank," and trente-et-quarante.

Réné Léon is about fifty years old, with a bright brown eye, an almost bald head, a smile rather like Michael Arlen's, beautiful hands, a soft voice, and a great deal of charm. He is about 5 ft. 6 in. in height and an early riser.

By the time these words appear in print there is every likelihood that Monte Carlo will once again be on the gold standard. That is to say, you will be able to buy counters of real gold with which to play at the tables, as in the good old days before the War. Réné Léon had given a very large order for gold *jetons* to the French Mint. Unfortunately, he was told there would be a delay of four and a half months before delivery. This did not upset the wizard of Monte Carlo. He immediately bought up the whole "float" of American gold dollars in France and as many more as he could have sent by air from England. All told he has now acquired ten million francs' worth of five dollar, ten dollar, and twenty dollar gold coins. But as a roulette table can easily lose a million francs a day (a charming little statistic) he is going to have only three tables at which you can play and be paid in gold. Even then there is a distinct possibility that all his gold will have gone in four days, so if you want to run your fingers through a pile of gold you had better put down this copy of THE SPHERE and dash off to Monte Carlo by the next train.

THE "DUKE OF YORK" ROOM in the Palace of the Prince of Monaco. The Prince's tiny domain, which includes Monte Carlo, is only 3 miles long and 1½ miles broad

This subject of the rate at which tables win and lose is fascinating. According to Réné Léon, each of the sixty-five roulette tables, though only a percentage of them are in play at any given period, has a turnover of thirty million francs (£360,000) a year. If you work out this sum you get a figure of over twenty-three million pounds being wagered on the roulette tables alone. I say nothing of the trente-et-quarante, chemin-de-fer, and baccara tables. More fascinating still, each of the sixty-five tables has a pedigree like a racehorse, giving the total profit or loss for each preceding year. And the joyous thing is that, despite the use of a spirit level three times a day, which has to be accurate to within a millimetre, there are six tables which show a loss to the Casino year after year. All the croupiers want to roll the ball there because naturally they have many more occasions on which to say, "Merci, monsieur, pour le personnel" when the gamblers are winning.

What are the lucky tables' numbers? Réné Léon refused to tell me in London, but promised to point them out to me for my own private information and necessary action on my next visit to Monte Carlo. These tables lose as much as six hundred thousand francs a year compared with an average profit of a million francs a year shown by the others. One particular table which used to stand in the *salon des lectures* lost over a million francs every year for three years until it was removed.

Why does the Casino not remove the other six? The answer is that in every steak, kidney, and oyster pudding there is always one oyster, if you can find it. In this case, as I say, there are six. Nobody is able to explain the mystery. The spirit-level report has to be signed three times a day by three responsible officials to say that the drop of liquid is exactly in the centre. If it is not, at first, thanks to atmospheric changes, the table-legs are altered by hydraulic pumps until they are exactly level. But still those six tables lose. I can tell you this, however, they are all in the "kitchen," as opposed to the *salles privées* and the Sporting Club

As most of you realize, there is no such thing as breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. There are always six million francs available to draw upon in the Casino and another twenty-four millions as a permanent float in the bank. It is quite easy, though, to "break" a table. Each is supplied in the morning with a sum of two hundred thousand francs. Admittedly, when this amount runs low one of the staff goes off to *ajouter* it with a few more thousands. But a lucky gambler playing in maximums can easily clean up the £2,400 to produce this result. Lady B—— did it six times in one afternoon last summer. The worst week the Casino ever had was in 1926 when in seven days' play it lost exactly seven million francs. Yet this is not really surprising. To Réné Léon, who holds high mathematical degrees in France and has made calculations and systems his especial hobby, there is no confine to the law of average. The Casino may win for 400 years in succession and lose for the next 400 years. His statistical department has delved into every known and unknown system with this result. It has discovered that if anybody with a hundred thousand francs capital cares to put in eight hours a day playing the *Montant d'Alembert* system in small stakes, he is absolutely bound to make four thousand francs profit a year. But that is only 4 per cent., and who would care to undergo this penal servitude for so small a reward? There are, of course, any number of regulars who live at Monte Carlo and Nice who live on a small certain profit of a few francs every day. They come on the 10 a.m. and the 10.20 a.m. trains from Nice all the year round. They were there, about 180 of them, on Christmas Day (as on every other day) of 1929. I was on my honeymoon at the time and I saw them myself.

The advantage of a system is that it prevents your losing your head and plunging, because it automatically sets certain limits on your stakes. The disadvantage is that it may involve a mounting series of stakes which carries you beyond the maximum, if not beyond your capital, before you can break even again.

The Lure of the Casino where Gold Counters are Once Again Coming into Circulation; where Gamblers are Protected from Crooks; and where there are Six Roulette Tables out of the Sixty-five which Lose up to 600,000 Francs a Year

By CHARLES GRAVES

Altogether there are 620 croupiers in Monte Carlo. Many of them are the third and even fourth generation of the original German croupiers brought from Homburg to Monte Carlo by François Blanc in 1867. To be a croupier in Monte Carlo is equivalent to being in the Home Office in London. The young croupier starts to earn £360 a year, rising to £600, unless he becomes *chef des jeux*, when he receives just under £1,000 a year.

"Let me say at once," said Réné Léon, "that it is impossible for a croupier to roll the ball into any particular hole. The metal lozenges and the rebounding make this impossible, which is very fortunate for the Casino. After all, the croupier wants to please the gambler and get a tip from him. So if he could oblige he would." This is interesting if only because of the elaborate care taken by so

many gamblers not to put on their stake until the ball is already spinning round the wheel.

"My total staff amounts to 4,000 people," he went on. "We have our own gas works, water works, road making department, tobacco sellers, and post office. In 1867 there were only two people in the latter department. To-day there are forty-five. Thanks to the Casino the Monégasques, of whom there are 2,200, have no taxes and get their gas at eighteen centimes a unit instead of sixty-three centimes. The Casino stands the racket of the remaining forty-five. The Casino, indeed, pays Monaco 8 per cent. of its profit every year. Last year our total expenses were sixty million francs, and the takings were a hundred million francs, leaving a profit of forty millions. So we paid a dividend of about a hundred and fifty francs a share. All told, there are 104,000 shares in the Casino, though some are divided up into as many as five parts. Sir Basil Zaharoff used to own 10,000 of them, but he has since parted with them.

"By the way, Sir Basil is not mysterious at all. He is a very nice, kind, old man who suffers from gout, enjoys the sunshine, refuses to talk business, and lives with his daughter and granddaughter.

"It is interesting that so few shareholders are English. Most of them are French or American. It may interest them to know that if the Casino ceased operations to-morrow and sold its sites at 50 per cent. of the current value of the surrounding property the shares could be redeemed at a premium by the liquidators. For in addition to the Casino and the Sporting Club we own the Hôtel de Paris, the Hôtel Hermitage, the Café de Paris, the Country Club, the Mont Agel Golf Course, and a great many other properties."

Of this possibility of liquidation, however, there is not the slightest fear. Réné Léon is confident that the very high taxes demanded by the French authorities from the French Casinos will prevent their proving such a gold mine as is at present expected. Besides, he is sure that the great security in which the public can gamble at Monte Carlo will always prove a lure even if there are intervening Casinos between Monaco and Cherbourg or Calais. "Here in Monte Carlo," he said, "we run our gambling as strictly as if it were a Red Cross Hospital. I will not discuss the morality of gambling. No doubt it is much healthier for people to go on cruises. But if people insist on gambling—well, we protect them as far as possible from crooks. We have a black-list of more than two thousand people who have been caught trying to cheat. And none of them is allowed inside the Casino. Yes, we are very proud of our arrangements. For example, if a man takes a bank at chemin-de-fer and keeps on drawing a nine or an eight, an inspector will stop the game despite the certain uproar, and insist on the cards being taken out of the shoe and reshuffled." Apparently it is not difficult for a crook when offered the red card to insert a "sandwich" of a dozen selected cards which will automatically produce a sequence of coups for the person holding the bank at the time. At no other Casino on the Continent is there such supervision of the clientèle and such courage shown in preventing any possibility of cheating.

It is interesting to note at this stage that the official odds in favour of the Casino at trente-et-quarante are only 1·6 per cent. as opposed to 3·2 per cent. at roulette and, of course, 5 per cent. at chemin-de-fer. That is why the professional gambler always prefers the first named.

There were many other questions which would occur to you at once to ask Réné Léon when in so expansive a mood. I think I asked all of them. Among them was—how many suicides take place each year at Monte Carlo? The answer is that there were only three last year, and in two cases the dead person had money in his pockets. This led at once to a second query. Is it a fact that the authorities themselves plant money on a corpse to make it look as though his losses at the Casino had nothing to do with the case?

"I have been told that it was done in the time of François Blanc, my predecessor," said Réné Léon with a smile. "But I am far too stingy for that. On the other hand, I give away an average of a million francs a year to broken gamblers for their return fare and some sandwiches on the journey—but I only do it after strict investigation. So often people come and tell me they have lost a fortune—which is not true and, if they get any money, return at once to the tables instead of using it to buy a railway ticket. The reason why Monte Carlo has such a reputation for breaking people is that so many are broke before they arrive, except for five hundred or six hundred francs with which they make their final desperate fling.

"In my long experience, by the way, I only recall one case of a man who arrived in this condition and who was successful. He was an Italian duke. He arrived with a thousand francs. He turned it into a million and left within a week. That was when francs were worth twenty-five to the pound. The extraordinary thing was that he never once had a losing throw. I very seldom have to give a return fare to the English. The Vice-Consul at Monaco is kept busy with them instead."

In reply to another question Monsieur Léon said that the record sequence for a colour is held by black, which turned up last summer twenty-two times running. Red's record is nineteen times. He did not know the record for an individual number, but three times is not at all unusual.

There are twenty-five policemen attached to the Casino and another 200 guards for the grounds and gardens. There are also 100 firemen. Monaco itself has an army of 300 men, who also do duty as policemen. The largest number of people ever in the prison at one time was twelve.

"What we notice with interest," Réné Léon concluded, "is that the passengers on the luxury cruising liners which so often visit Monte Carlo hardly gamble at all. They just buy drinks and postcards. As you know, the Monégasques are not allowed to gamble. Nor are any of the shopkeepers and tradesmen throughout the Alpes Maritimes. We request even English solicitors, bank managers, and others in a position of monetary trust in the South of France not to visit the tables. Occasionally they elude us, but not very often."

In the past five years Réné Léon has spent a hundred and sixty million francs on Monte Carlo, and he is going to spend more. Eighty-five years ago Monaco was a barren rock with a few olives. To-day, with its £60,000 golf course at Mont Agel, its luxury hotels, its rubber beach, its Country Club, its Sporting Club, its opera, its real gold *jetons*, its gaudy gardens, and the whole of its trim sophistication, I find it almost impossible to withstand the lure of its winter sun and its winter sin.

In any event, I really feel I owe it to myself to find out which are the six lucky roulette tables, don't you?

A FIREWORK DISPLAY illuminating the waters of the Mediterranean at Monte Carlo

A RIVIERA BEAUTY SPOT: A general view of Cap d'Ail, a delightful resort two miles from Monte Carlo and nine miles from Nice. It has a magnificent beach and an excellent golf course

IN THE LIMELIGHT

Lord Martin Cecil's Wedding

VEILED LOVELINESS: Mlle Csanády de Telegd, only daughter of M. Csanády de Telegd of Budapest, who was married to Lord Martin Cecil at Christ Church, Virginia Water, last week

"OH TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW THAT PRINTEMPS' HERE": Mlle Yvonne Printemps seen with Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Noel Coward after her arrival in London last week. She is to play in *Conversation Piece*

MISS EVELYN SPILSBURY, daughter of the well-known pathologist, who is engaged to Mr. John Steel of Perth. They will be married in the spring

IN ATTENDANCE ON THE BRIDE: Lady Winifred and Lady Romayne Cecil and Master Peter Taylor at Mlle Edith Csanády de Telegd's wedding to Lord Martin Cecil at Virginia Water

SUMMER TIME SIMPLICITY: One of the 1934 bathing costumes now being prepared for the coming season. The decorative girdle is an attractive innovation

RECUPERATING AT BRIGHTON: Sir Cedric Hardwicke (left), who was recently laid up with a severe attack of influenza, on holiday with Sir Harry Preston, Miss Beatrice Lillie, and Mr. Leslie Henson

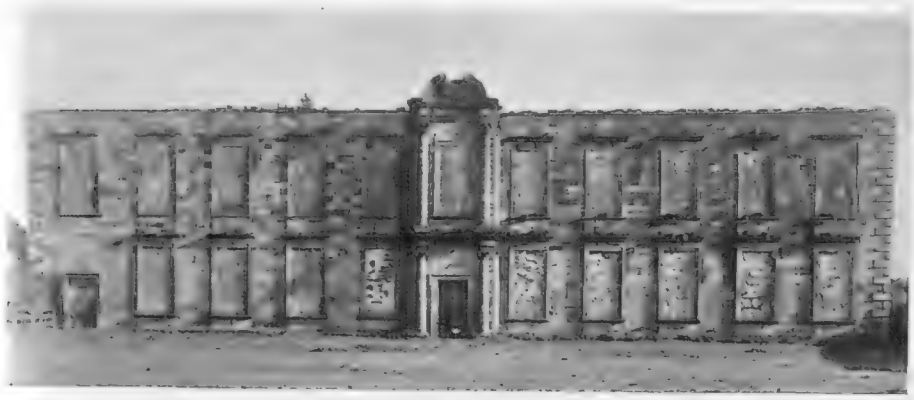
ENGAGED: Miss Joy Worth, the Revudeville soubrette at the Windmill Theatre, and Mr. Ian Grant, of cabaret and wireless fame

THE MONOCLE VEIL: A new Paris fashion seen in Oxford Street

A NEW MAYFAIR RENDEZVOUS: The Marquis and Marquise of Chateaubrun (centre and left) in the bar of "La Maisonnette Club" which they have just opened in Dover Street

PICTURES from the PROVINCES

HOME AT LAST: Mr. Thomson and Mr. Munro, two of the keepers who were marooned in the lonely lighthouse of Dubh Artach, fifteen miles off the west coast of Scotland, and who were relieved by the S.S. *Hesperus* after a fourteen-days' struggle in heavy seas. Their injured companion, Mr. Tom Budge, was conveyed to the Oban Cottage Hospital



WHITBY HALL, which has just been taken over by H.M. Office of Works, is to be restored. It was built in 1580 by Sir Francis Cholmley, and was partially restored in 1867. Since then a section of the building has been occupied

COTTAGE CRAFT: Thaxted, Essex, has been noted for its weaving industry since the days of Queen Elizabeth, but of late years the number of weavers has rapidly decreased. There is now a distinct revival of interest and the handlooms and spinning-wheels are busy again

DECORATIVE CARVINGS FOR THE TOWER OF ST. GILES' CHURCH, LEIGH-ON-MENDIP, which is being restored by Mr. Arthur Gane and his sons. They have been engaged on this task for nearly six months, and are doing all the carvings in Mendip stone

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS AT AIREDALE, NEAR CASTLEFORD, YORKS, which is being built from the remains of Fryston Hall, the birthplace of the Marquess of Crewe. The new church is to be opened in May

A PLACE OF WORSHIP BECOMES A PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT: St. Paul's Congregational Church, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is being converted into a cinema. It will be seen that the frontage is almost complete

PROTECTING THE OYSTER BEDS OF THE COLNE FISHERY AT BRIGHTLINGSEA: It is the duty of these river police to prevent unauthorized persons from gathering oysters. They patrol nearly 100 miles every day

'LE PETIT ROI": *Left*—A spectacular scene from the French film at the Rialto in which eleven-year-old Robert Lynen plays the title role. *Right*—Robert Lynen, who came over to London last year for the première of his film, *Poil-de-Carotte*

PLAYS and FILMS

From all dramatic appearances, it was just as trying to live with the Carlyles in a bleak Scottish farmhouse as it was to live with the Brontës in a bleak Yorkshire vicarage. Of course, there were more Brontës than Carlyles; but the former died younger.

There was no early consumptive death about Thomas Carlyle, a fate reserved on the stage for another Carlyle, Willie, of *East Lynne*. We are to see Little Willie in London again soon, and the next and very probable step will be to put his creator, Mrs. Henry Wood, on the stage herself.

At the Embassy Theatre, where we have already had a Brontë play, one has, in *Genius at Home*, to live with the Carlyles for a couple of hours only—a Barrettish Wimpolish couple of hours which are far from boring. This is a play of the episodic type, as any play must be which shows, as did the old magazine series, "celebrities at different periods of their lives." True, Thomas Carlyle himself did not, in this play, change much; he seemed, if anything, rather younger at the zenith of his fame in Chelsea than he was in the early days at Craigenputtock. Mr. Wilfred Walter and the author made him morose, selfish, weak in the digestion, strong in the intellect, uncomfortably sincere, wholly without humour, yet, like Smee, rather lovable withal; just the sort of person one imagines Carlyle to have been.

Mr. Walter's performance was a good one, and its monotony was not his fault, since the Sage of Chelsea (yes, the phrase was bound to creep in) was hardly a "blithe mercurial spirit, whose changing moods did leaven impishly the long grey day."

The only dramatic episode was the announcement that the first volume of the *French Revolution* had been accidentally burnt by John Stuart Mill's housemaid, an historical fact which has always made me wonder whether Mr. Mill did not employ a housemaid who might have bettered herself in the realms of literary criticism, at that time at a high level. Since most of us who had polished up our knowledge of Carlyle before setting out for Swiss Cottage knew that this catastrophe was bound to happen sooner or later in the evening, it had in it none of the element of dramatic surprise. And when it did come, the realization that all of the volumes of that work can be bought at almost any bookshop robbed Thomas's noble resolve to write the burnt volume all over again of its news value.

We were left with the spectacle of John Stuart Mill gibbering and whimpering with remorse. I enjoyed seeing John Stuart Mill gibber and whimper. Had he felt the full force of Thomas's railings at the stupidities of democracy, introduced into the play with much skill, he would have collapsed entirely.

Genius at Home is quite devoid of love interest, except the steadily burning John-Anderson-my-Jo business of Carlyle and his wife Jane. Jane bullies him and mothers him, and is altogether very noble, particularly in the scene in which Thomas is suspected of having slipped the marital collar and dashed round the corner after Lady Something-or-other, a voluminous person in crimson silk and a big hat.

But if this lady's clothes were gay her manner was virginal in the "district visitor" style, and I fancy poor Thomas was cruelly wronged in being suspected at all. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* owed more of its success to its love interest than is generally imagined, and its subsidiary love theme, evident only in one tiny scene played to perfection by Sir/Mr. Cedric Hardwicke and Miss Joan Barry, was a very strong box-office asset. In short, *Genius at Home*, history or no history, needs a pretty girl or two in it if it is to be a box-office success. A Philistine point of view but, I venture to think, a sensible one.

An interesting piece of work, none the less, and uniformly well acted. I am not suggesting that Miss Marda Vanne's conception of the character of Jane Carlyle was any the less original by drawing attention to the curious fact that at some moments it might have been Miss Marie Tempest speaking, and at others Miss Haidée Wright. Mr. Arthur Chesney fussed about amusingly as a plump and ubiquitous journalist.

"The Rivals."—A good test of memory, of a sense of conciseness, and of intelligence generally would be the task of writing out in a dozen lines or so the plot of Sheridan's *The Rivals*. The eighteenth century was the age of reason, and plenty of it is required for full understanding of the intricate details of this, and suchiplays as *The Marriage of Figaro*. But if a visit to Mr. Sydney Carroll's revival of *The Rivals* at the Ambassador's Theatre does not necessitate leaving one's intelligence behind, there is no need to bother it with the permutations and combinations of these lovers and their several squabbles and counter-plotting.

The old play is witty enough and attractive enough without these things being made clear, indeed, there is little need to make them clear at all. Nor must one be too "pernickety" over the attention to style. There are here lapses from what one imagines to be tradition. But I am not one of those pessimistic enthusiasts who bewail the fact that the traditions of old comedy were completely broken fifty years or more ago, when the last player died who had acted with someone who had acted with someone who had acted in the original production of these plays.

Tradition is important, but its importance may easily be over-rated, true though it is that the number of actors to-day who can wear 18th century costume without resembling a stockbroker at a fancy dress ball is limited; the late Fred Terry was one of the last who might have stepped out of the past and who knew all there is to know about "the nice conduct of the clouded cave."

Actresses are different, since most women can adapt themselves to the wearing of the costumes of any period with what appears to be correctness, this sort of thing being second-nature to them.

If not all the actors in Mr. Carroll's company can conceal the fact that they had arrived at the theatre by bus or taxi, there is room for gratitude that they do not overdo the posings and posturings of a more graceful age. They are not eternally taking snuff, or peering through a spy-glass, or flicking at themselves with a lace handkerchief. In a recent costume play one of the principal actors kept his handkerchief in his hand continuously from the rise to the fall of the curtain with inconceivably irritating effect.

Mr. Balliol Holloway, who has produced this revival, has wisely put his foot down on that nonsense, and has concentrated on getting as much diversion as possible out of Sheridan consistent with the classic atmosphere. He has steered successfully a middle course between the convention of which few, if any, of us can to-day have any accurate knowledge, and the lunacy

UNDER CONTRACT TO LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS: Merle Oberon, whose excellent performance as Anne Boleyn in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* revealed her as one of the most promising British screen stars of the moment

A NEW SCREEN VERSION OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH": Victoria Hopper, who is making her debut in films, as Tessa; Brian Aherne as Lewis Dodd, the young composer; and Leonora Corbett as Florence, who meets and marries Lewis in the Austrian Tirol. This Gaumont-British production, which is directed by Basil Dean, is now running at the New Gallery

"Genius at Home"—A Play of the Episodic Variety at the Embassy : Mr. Baliol Holloway Produces "The Rivals" : The Film Version of "The Constant Nymph"

By PHILIP PAGE

A SHOT FROM ABOVE: Maurice Elvey, seen behind the camera, directing the new Basil Dean film, *Love, Life, and Laughter*, which is now in production at the Ealing Studios. The crane has just been installed

which has tended of late to give us Shakespeare in plus-fours or even in shrapnel helmets. And he has speeded up the old play without "jazzing" it.

The result is that this is extremely amusing entertainment, and for the best of reasons, and not for the reasons which made *Voltaire*, the film attempt at the eighteenth century, seem to me hilariously funny, because of its flagrant errors of detail, for about a quarter of an hour, and after that as dull and as puerile as a musical comedy of the 'nineties, and much more pretentious.

Lady Tree as Mrs. Malaprop is the mainstay of the humour. Here, indeed, is style. It is curious that the malapropisms of the originator should be so diverting and the many modern imitations of them the reverse. Lady Tree had the audience in a roar of delight, for instance, with her "allegory on the banks of the Nile" and her "disarrangement of epitaphs," though this is the laughter that defies analysis. The credit may be apportioned to Lady Tree and to Sheridan "fifty-fifty."

The next best performance I thought Mr. Henry Hewitt's Fag; not a large part, but immaculately played. Mr. Hewitt *is* among the few who can wear those clothes, and he contrived, as a servant, to be far more aristocratic than his employer or any of his employer's friends. That is an incongruity not infrequently apparent in any century.

Mr. Paul Farrell's Sir Lucius O'Trigger had precisely the right bouquet; he did not conceive the character as a stage Irishman who might at any moment appear with a shillelagh and a clay pipe in his hat—the normal procedure. Nor did Mr. Frank Cellier make the equally familiar mistake of showing us Bob Acres as a half-witted rustic lout from the village pub; Bob was bucolic, and no more weighed down to the ground with brains than are 60 per cent. of those whose photographs appear in hunting costume and the pages of our revered and fashionable contemporaries, *The Sketch* and *The Tatler*.

But he was a man of some breeding. Mr. Baliol Holloway's Sir Anthony Absolute was on sound "professional" lines. Miss Diana Churchill put any amount of spirit into the part of Lucy; Miss Lesley Wareing as Lydia looked like Hollywood at its blondest and prettiest and showed a pleasant knowledge of acting in addition.

This production is not only worth a visit, or many visits, for the genuine entertainment that it is. It may pave the way for a vogue for classic comedy. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Seymour Hicks will revive *The School for Scandal* later in the year with a strong cast. I would give much to see Miss Elisabeth Bergner's Lady Teazle, if ever she can escape from the relentless prosperity of *Escape Me Never!*

"PRENEZ GARDE A LA PEINTURE": Paul Robert as Cachex the dealer, and Romains Bouquet as Cotillard, the faker of pictures, in the aptly titled French film version of the play, *The Late Christopher Bean*. The film is running at the Cinema House, Oxford Street

THE GREAT COMPOSER: Lyn Harding (left) as Albert Sanger in *The Constant Nymph*. Hating England, which failed to appreciate his talents, he roamed from one European capital to another with his family and finally settled in Tirol. It is here that his daughter Tessa meets and secretly falls desperately in love with Lewis Dodd

Ballet.—The Kurt Jooss Ballet, which was so successful at the Savoy Theatre last summer, is coming to the Gaiety shortly. That is good news indeed, for this is the best of the small-scale ballet troupes—small-scale not in the sense of artistic achievement but because it uses a couple of pianos instead of an orchestra, and draperies instead of scenery. The dancing is exquisite.

"Gay Divorce."—Feeling inclined, pending the further realization of the Jooss-so stories, to watch some dancing, albeit of a different type, I paid a second visit to *Gay Divorce* at the Palace. Mr. Fred Astaire's musical comedy dancing is the sublimated essence of music, comedy, and dancing combined. He works on a small canvas, but his is beyond a doubt exquisite art, and in his line he is a genius.

Gay Divorce is a 1933 production which has survived and continues to flourish. I stated last week that it is "one of those glamorously sophisticated shows with which Mr. C. B. Cochran has surrounded himself." In the sense that C. B. C. is the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft as managing director of the theatre in which *Gay Divorce* is performed, he may be considered to have this piece under his cherubic wing. But it was actually presented by Mr. Lee Ephraim, who is the immediate boss of it and who deserves all credit for his perspicacity in having chosen an undoubted winner.

"The Constant Nymph" is, if anything, an improvement on the play of the same name. All the mistakes which are invariably made in at least nine films out of ten are here avoided, and the whole production is a feather in the cap of Gaumont-British, coupled with the name of Mr. Basil Dean. I am not a warm admirer of the Sanger family nor of untidy Bohemianism either on the stage or in Bloomsbury. But this is a good story with plenty of atmosphere, and the production is flawless.

Miss Victoria Hopper has now brought off the probably unprecedented "treble" of shining as an operatic prima-donna, as the heroine of a straight play, and as a film star within the space of a few months. Her Tessa is a beautifully sincere and emotional piece of work—unaffected, charming, and modest. She is an *ingénue* without being "ingénue-conscious." Miss Hopper, by the way, has been generally described as a product of Newcastle. As a matter of fact she told me the other day, with her own *ingénue* lips, that she comes from Vancouver.

SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: Charles B. Cochran's *Nymph Errant*.
AMBASSADORS: *The Rivals*.
APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*
CAMBRIDGE: *Hansel and Gretel*.
CRITERION: Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields*.
DALY'S: Peter Haddon presents George Gee in *That's a Pretty Thing*.
DUCHESS: *Laburnum Grove*.
DUKE OF YORK'S: *The Rose Without a Thorn*.
HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Jessica Tandy in *Ten Minute Alibi*.
LYRIC: *Reunion in Vienna*.
NEW: *Richard of Bordeaux*.
PICCADILLY: *A Sleeping Clergyman*.
ST. MARTIN'S: *The Wind and the Rain*.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. E. V. Lucas's Ideal Bedside Book : Mr. John Brophy's Study of Dockland : "Monarchy," by Sir Charles Petrie—A Plea for the Old Order

I fear that **Mr. E. V. Lucas's** new book, **Post Bag Diversions (Methuen. 7s. 6d.),** will fill many of us with misgiving as well as delight. Mr. Lucas has gathered together and published some of the most interesting letters he has received from his many friends. I suppose there are few men who enjoy a wider and more interesting circle of friends. Mr. Lucas moves about, leisurely and detectively, among the Who's Who's in the literary and artistic world. His books, as well as his talk, seem to invite confidence, and all over the world people have sat down and written to E. V. L. to inform him on the best way of broiling chicken, to correct a line in Ronsard's Sonnets, or to fill a gap in his knowledge concerning Gruyère cheese. It follows that E. V. L. could scarcely fail to be intelligent, well informed, and a mine of information. He is a well-filled cistern into which his numerous friends have poured their knowledge. Then every week, in a Sunday paper, Mr. Lucas turns on the tap and tells us something new about Rousseau at Ermenonville, Nelson at Greenwich, or Grock at Geneva.

He achieved early a reputation as a wanderer, but he complained to me once that those genial guide books which spread his fame, and I hope enlarged his income, are now something of a nightmare. Guide books require keeping up to date, particularly when there are Mussolinis reshaping Rome nearer to a Dictator's desire, and when the masterpieces of art are shuffled around by profligate Governments.

Now this book of Mr. Lucas makes delightful reading, but I remarked that it filled me with misgiving. I have always understood that letters remained the copyright of the writers and do not belong, for the purpose of publication, to the recipient. Mr. Lucas appears to have ignored this fact. I cannot think that some of these letters would have received their writer's assent to publication. I may be wrong. Mr. Lucas may have canvassed, for our delight, every one of his correspondents. If so, I am astonished at their recklessness.

H. C. Beeching is dead. It may be that he will not trouble about a confession in one of his letters concerning "an abdominal belt—the gift of my Cara Sposa. I am so proud of it that I feel inclined to wear nothing else, but I consider the feelings of my brethren in the Chapter." George III remarked of the witty Sydney Smith, "He will never be a bishop." A sense of humour does not assist a man to a bishopric; an abdominal belt is a positive obstacle. Canon Beeching's confession comes, luckily, long after he has any more need of his belt, unless the angelic world is subject to colic. But there is another canon in this book who, I surmise, will view with mixed feelings his remark on "undies" being exposed to the vulgar world. On the whole, Mr. Lucas reveals a very pleasant side of his correspondents. There is much concerning eating and drinking, and we are only concerned with a world in which two to five thousand a year seems the basis of existence, though very occasionally a grim note is sounded amidst the bacchanalian music.

Strange as it may seem, I can actually tell Mr. Lucas something he does not know. (There is a suggestion for a Bateman cartoon here—The Man who told E.V.L. Something He did not Know.) Mr. Lucas quotes from a long and delightful letter received from a correspondent, Chas. J. Finger, in Ohio. At the foot of this letter E. V. L. observes, "This vivacious and informative letter came from a total stranger."

Some years ago I found myself deposited, a lonely lecturer, in a forbidding wooden hotel in the town of Fayetteville, Arkansas. The dust was still rising in the Main Street from a procession of the Ku-Klux-Klan which had just passed to instal the Grand Goblin in his Cavern. I learned later that the Grand Goblin was a bed manufacturer from Memphis in his more human moments. The god having passed and the dust settled, I sat on one of those American rocking-chairs from which cowboys spit at passers by, and wondered what I should do in this one-horse, ten-gasolene-pump town until my lecture engagement in the evening. There suddenly appeared on the scene, introducing himself, a little stout man. I learned in the course of five minutes that he had been a school teacher, an editor, a railway engineer, and was now a man of letters and a farmer. In ten minutes he had put me into a Ford car and was whirling me across a wilderness of mud, twenty miles from a railway, to a wooden house situated in the very heart of the Ozarks, the wild, wooded district of Arkansas.

Here to my amazement I found a house bursting with books, as well as a hen-run bursting with chickens. It then transpired that this amazing little man was contributing to the magazines throughout America, corresponding with men of eminence all over the world, and that he had succeeded in winning the Newberry Medal, an award given by an American society to the writer of the best book for children. Here was a man shut off from civilization, living in the most primitive fashion in the wilds of Arkansas, a place given to negro-lynching, blasphemy trials, Black Hand raids, and sheriff-shooting, who was deeply concerned about modern poetry and the latest works of fiction. Towards evening I was again whirled across that wilderness of wintry mud and deposited at my wooden hotel, my ears filled with so many astonishing stories of Arkansas banditry and Dark Ages superstition that I felt like a victim in an O. Henry story. My genial host was Mr. E. V. Lucas's correspondent. At the end of his letter to E. V. L. he says: "I trust I have not tired you. It has been so good to write to someone." Here, in distracting London, we may wonder at a man who cheerfully sits down and writes a five-page letter to a stranger. But away in that desolate forest of Arkansas one could understand the desire to keep touch with a sane human being. I hope Mr. E. V. Lucas was generous in the length of his reply.

This is an ideal bedside book. It is made to be dipped into. Perhaps the best letter in the bag is Lord Byng's reply to a letter of congratulation when he assumed office at Scotland Yard. Who, looking upon that irate, peppery-faced old general, would have suspected such a Puck-like spirit?

"Thank you. I pleaded old age, varicose veins and senility, corns, craziness and inferior complex, liver, lumbago and laziness, giddiness, girth galls and gaggadom, melancholia, mysticism and mucus membrane. But to no purpose. I finally capitulated and must now endeavour to get your finger-prints."

MISS CHRISTINA STEAD, author of *The Salzburg Tales*, a collection of short stories which, according to Mr. Roberts, reveal remarkable talent. The book is published by Peter Davies

The name of **Christina Stead** is new to me, and I believe that **The Salzburg Tales (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)** is her first book. If so, here is a remarkable talent making its bow before the public. The design of this book is simple. It is the period of the Mozart Festival at Salzburg. A number of visitors wander in the wood each day, and to beguile the time each tells a story after the fashion of the *Decameron*. The book opens with a long and detailed introduction of the story-tellers. Each story is quite a notable achievement, but the most remarkable feature of this book is its richness of invention, its freshness of description, and its prodigal display of imaginative power. Every line is packed, every description is well etched. Miss Stead will not be able to keep up this pace. She squanders her talent as though this were the last as well as the first book she will write. But in this era of padded-out work, anæmic writing, weedy inspiration, and desperate originality Miss Stead's torrent sweeps the reader along.

Here is a characteristic sample of Miss Stead's glowing prose. She is describing "An Old Man," one of the story-tellers in the wood. "His manners were so fine that one would have thought they had been invented specially to suit his frame. He wore them like a hand-made shirt next to his skin. He thought estates were bestowed by divine mandate and that those born to high estate should show that God had chosen well. Not even the wines, painters, and racehorses he fancied gave him the pleasure that he had from contemplating a fine family tree . . . He let his bright brown eyes, clear as enamel, rove over the women's faces, feet, and bosoms, and he heaved delicate sighs before them, as if a zephyr were blowing up a banked fire, or as if autumnal breaths were there, succeeding summer, but with winter a long way off." Miss Stead is a notable discovery.

Another novel which has given me much enjoyment is **Mr. Martin Boyd's Scandal of Spring (Dent. 7s. 6d.).** Here is a very simple, straightforward story of a boy who falls in love with a mere girl. The fierce flame of adolescent love welds them together. They run away from home. The world, incapable of seeing the idyll, reads into their innocent adventure a scandalous episode. The youth finds himself in the dock, and his poem is transposed into a sordid story. The material is slight, but the delicacy and sensitiveness with which Mr. Boyd handles it keep the reader's sympathy. His secondary characters are also notably drawn. He has most deftly indicated the nauseating religious sentimentality that marks the Rev. Thurlow's doubtful overtures, and the Vazettis, the boy's parents, have no papier-maché in their composition. This novel might stand as a model for its good taste in handling a situation that so many would exploit for its sensual opportunities. Here are Aucassin and Nicolette in the trammels of the Twentieth Century, beautifully observed.

How well I know the scene **Mr. John Brophy** has staged in his novel, **Waterfront (Cape. 7s. 6d.).** Under this happy title he tells a story of Liverpool dockland, of that grim, wind-swept, derrick-lined border of the Mersey. This is a grim story of men who go down to the stokehole in vests, of low pubs, good-natured seamen, and women with plenty of zest in the rough and tumble of life. I feel throughout that Mr. Brophy knows his dockland and his seamen. Their dialogue rings true, and the passionate story of Nora McCabe, the Liverpool shop assistant in love with an out-of-work ship's engineer, marches ruthlessly on to a drama of murder. In Fanny is epitomized the tragedy of all young women gambling with life in a wild desire to escape a prison-house of drab routine. I cannot imagine a novel that could improve on Mr. Brophy's nervous, economical drama. He has studied the anatomy of poverty, and gives us in this book the emotions of those who work with their hands in the hard, romantic setting of the docks.

Sir Charles Petrie might add a sub-title to his study, **Monarchy (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.),** and call it "Or the Love of Kings." The tide of democracy has been running out for some years. Even while we sing "God gave the Land to the People," we suspect that the people have hardly proved worthy of the gift, and garrulous Prime Ministers, cackling in the Geneva chicken run and producing no eggs, have tempted us to try a little neck-wringing. So monarchy is coming into favour again. A series of biographies have been proving that our kings were always worthy of their sceptres if not of their subjects, that it is easy to cut the Civil List of a monarch but not of a republic, and that government by presidents is really government by megaphones.

It seems to me that Sir Charles has an easy case. He can fall back upon Russia, upon Spain, upon Portugal. None of these experiments has proved a recommendation of government of the people by the mountebanks. Even Mussolini, swinging right over to dictatorship, realizes that a king's head is a useful thing to have by one, in case the crowd gets angry.

And here we have Sir Charles confidently crying, "The convalescence of Europe will not begin until the Habsburgs are again numbered among its reigning dynasties." There is no reason, once this kind of argument is accepted, why one should not include the Hohenzollerns as well, but public opinion is not yet reconciled to the restitution of the bearded millionaire, snug and smug in Holland. Sir Charles pays our own Royal House a very high compliment, but at the same time he tenders some advice—good advice it seems to me. "They do not come into personal and unofficial contact with men of letters to anything like the extent that they do with politicians, generals, admirals, and captains of industry. This neglect of those who are moulding the opinion of the rising generation is a serious if common mistake on the part of monarchs." I have often looked at the *Court Circular* in the hope of seeing "Mr. H. G. Wells has left the Castle. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has arrived." Surely they would be a leaven among the dough of admirals, bishops, and Cabinet Ministers who must make a regal life somewhat indigestible! After reading Sir Charles Petrie's very able pleading for out-of-work monarchs I cannot imagine anyone better fitted to run a registry office for kings in search of safe employment. This book makes an ideal present for Sir Stafford Cripps.

On page 144 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

A BLACK-THROATED DIVER: This rare and handsome bird is found on lonely freshwater lochs in the Highlands. It is very difficult to approach and when in the water can remain submerged for about two minutes at a time. It is unable to walk in an upright position, but pushes itself along on its breast with a kind of shuffling motion

STUDYING BIRDS AT CLOSE RANGE

A Spoonbill Colony in King Alexander of Jugoslavia's Bird Sanctuary

FILMING SPOONBILLS IN JUGOSLAVIA: A camera and sound-recording apparatus erected among the reeds in King Alexander's bird sanctuary. The sanctuary is so difficult to penetrate that the expedition which took these pictures had to locate the spoonbills by aeroplane before taking up its position

FEEDING ITS YOUNG: A remarkable picture of a spoonbill in King Alexander's bird sanctuary

IN THE SPOONBILL COLONY: These birds, which are occasional visitors to the East and South-east of England, are found in considerable numbers in Jugoslavia and particularly in the region of the Danube

With the drainage of fen and marsh lands the spoonbill has become more and more rare. It is very shy, seldom allows the observer to approach it closely, and when alarmed often takes up its position on the topmost bough of a tree. The spoonbill's food is largely composed of crustaceans, molluscs, and small insects which it catches in its broad bill in much the same manner as a duck. It does not appear to utter any sound, but makes a sharp snapping noise with its bill. The nests are only a few inches above the level of the swamp

DUNLOP
C.F.H.

FOR A WINTER CRUISE

Linen in many new weaves, will be one of the most favoured fabrics during the summer. The suit immediately above is typical of the little pastel coloured coats and skirts that will be worn. It is made in grey worsted linen relieved with touches of ice-blue, and is fastened with large link buttons. Delightfully cool and useful, it costs only 7½ guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Neutral colours should be chosen for cruising coats. They look well at sea and do not show dust when all-day excursions are indulged in ashore. The model at the head of this page comes from the Mantle Department at Marshall & Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W., and is made in an oatmeal and greige striped woollen fabric trimmed with ocelot. The belt fastens at the back with two large wooden buttons, and the price is 18½ guineas

On the right is a deck dress which is as practical as it is attractive. Made in sand-coloured linen patterned with red, green, or blue, it buttons from neck to hem and is designed to be worn over a bathing dress, though it would be a perfect summer sports frock for any occasion. The fullness of the sleeves is set into flat tucks across the shoulders, and the plain border and belt are closely stitched

Photographs by Peter North

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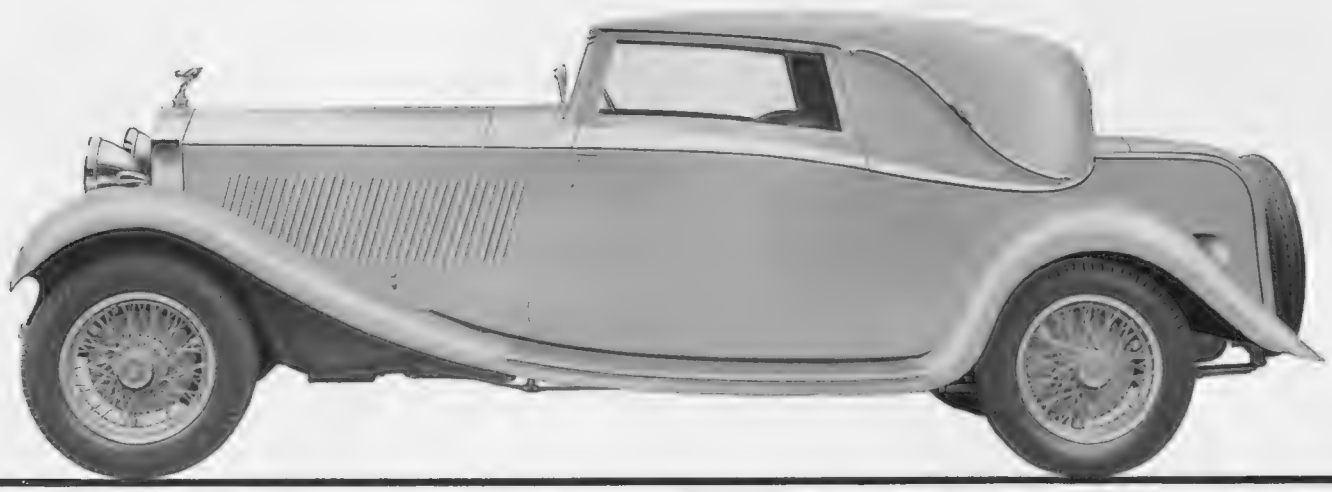

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ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

SICILY: The city of Palermo, noted for its magnificent situation and delightful climate. It was originally a Phœnician settlement

Majorca, Corsica, Sicily, Malta, Rhodes, and Cyprus

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

The charms of the Mediterranean for the tourist are many, and prominent among them are its historic islands, each with scenery that is characteristic and with peoples representing a mixture of the varied races which have colonized Mediterranean lands from the dawn of history onwards, one retaining much of an old-world picturesqueness of custom and costume, which serves to gladden the heart of the visitor from lands where the onward march of progress has reduced things almost to a dead level as regards the mode of life and the manner of dress.

Majorca, largest of the Balearic Islands, has for its capital, Palma, a fine city, with a situation on a splendid bay which adds grace to its magnificent buildings. You will find here a most interesting blend of races and a delightful survival of old-time customs, with a mixture of architecture which reveals Majorca's stirring history. In the narrow streets—the higher connected with the lower by flights of cobbled steps—are high houses, some of them centuries old, with arches bridging darkened passages, and here and there are the remains of ramparts which once guarded the city. The Palace of the Captain-General was built by the Moors on the ruins of a Roman castle; there are Moorish baths and a fountain; in Bellver Castle once lived the Majorcan Spanish kings, and there is a Gothic cathedral of great beauty.

Within easy motoring distance of Palma are many of the resorts of Majorca famed for their lovely scenery; Soller, lying amidst orange groves, almost ringed round by lofty mountains, and the drive to which, along the Corniche road, is a wonderful panorama of forested slopes, rocky ravines, and falling water; Valdemosa and Miramar; Manacor, with caves and underground lake; Deya; the picturesque little port of Pollensa; Alcudia, with its wild coastal beauty; and Formentor Bay, where the contrast of white coral beach, the dark green of pine-clad hills, and the stilly blue water form a fascinating picture of the scenery of Majorca at its best.

Corsica resembles Majorca in the wealth and luxuriance of its vegetation, and it, too, has magnificent coastal scenery. There are high mountains of granite in the interior, with peaks snow covered, noble forests of pine, fine woods of beech and chestnut, and groves of orange and olive trees. In some remote parts of the island there is a thick undergrowth known as the *maquis*, and it is this which gives shelter to the Corsican brigand. Corsica has known the rule of Vandal, Goth, Lombard, Frank, Moor, and Genoese, but long since it settled down in peace under French sway, and now it is anxious to make the attractions for the tourist better known. These are many, and Ajaccio, the capital, at the foot of wooded hills, on a fine gulf on the west coast, the birthplace of Napoleon Buonaparte, with many associations of the great Emperor, ranks high among them.

Largest of the Mediterranean isles, Sicily is the queen of them all, offering almost every variety of scenery—mountains, valleys, upland plains, and a rocky, cliff-bound coast, with stretches of some of the world's most fertile soil, on which delicious fruits grow to perfection, whilst over the whole of the wide eastern section of the island towers majestic snow-crowned Etna. Palermo, the capital, built upon one of the most beautiful of sites, has streets which lie over those of Roman times, and buildings which date from the days of Sicily's Norman kings. Here are many masterpieces of the Saracenic and Byzantine styles, churches and palaces, wonderful mosaics, fine old city gates, and quaint houses, with a modern quarter where there are splendid hotels, theatres, and restaurants, and all is set on a lovely plain by the sea, with a noble amphitheatre of hills, clothed on their lower slopes with groves of orange and lemon trees, and with vines. At Segesta, only a short motor run distant, there are magnificent remains of the old Greek culture of the island, for Sicily has been under the rule of Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Saracen, Norman, Angevin and Aragonese in turn!

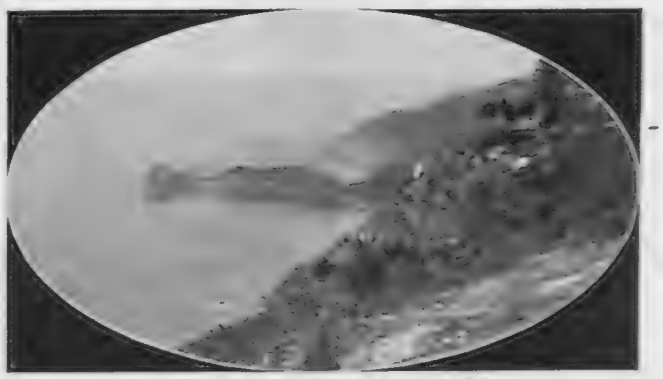
The charm of Malta does not lie in its scenery, for the island is flat and has a scanty vegetation, but in its capital, Valetta, which, with its battlemented walls is situated most picturesquely on a rocky promontory at the end of which stands Fort St. Elmo, protecting, with Fort Tigne, the entrance to the harbour of Marmuschetto; whilst opposite Fort Ricasoli, with Fort St. Angelo, guards Grand Harbour. Valetta, lying between the harbours on a ridge which slopes on either side to the water, is a city of great architectural beauty, its streets well planned and graced with fine buildings, some of modern structure, others, churches and palaces, dating from the days when Malta was governed by the Knights of St. John. Some of the older streets are narrow stairways of stone, inaccessible to traffic, and have lofty houses with overhanging verandas; here you will see interesting scenes of Maltese life, and you will see them also in the old capital, Citta Vecchia, near where is St. Paul's Bay where the Apostle was cast ashore, and thus was Maltese history first linked with that of Christianity.

We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Italian Government for having made the historic and beautiful island of Rhodes available as a centre for tourists. Colonized by the Dorian Greeks a thousand years B.C., and mentioned by Homer, Rhodes once owned, in its Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the world. Later Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus studied there, then Venice ruled it, later Genoa, and after this, for two centuries, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem made it the bulwark of Christendom. Despite the long years of Turkish dominion, the medieval walls, forts, and palaces remain in a good state of preservation, and it needs little imagination to visualize them in their prime. Rhodes now has a fine harbour and an up-to-date hotel, whilst good motor roads enable the tourist to explore the interior with its mountains, forests, and uplands, and a wealth of roses, also to take a draught of the water of the spring which, some time, brings back to the island all who drink!

Cyprus possesses a peculiar attraction for the British tourist, since not only is the island within the Empire, but it was conquered by Richard Cœur de Lion, who rescued here his bride, Berengaria of Navarre, and married her. The island, which has known many other conquerors, Thotmes of Egypt, Sargon of Assyria, and Cambyses of Persia, Alexander the Great, Rome, and the famous Caliph Haroun al Raschid, was sold by Richard to the Knights Templar, and of these and many others there are interesting memorials. In Famagusta, the chief port, an old walled city, lovers of Shakespeare delight in Othello's tower where Desdemona met with her tragic end. Larnaka is built on the site of the Phœnician Kitium. Chittim of the Old Testament, and Nicosia, the capital, a short trip by rail from Famagusta, has a cathedral with a famous fresco, splendid medieval buildings, tombs of the Crusaders, fine mosques, circular walls guarded by eleven bastions, quaint old narrow streets, and picturesque bazaars, and the natural beauty of Cyprus, seen in the mountains of Troödos, rivals its historic fame.

RHODES: *Left*—A general view showing the Turkish aspect of the old city with its picturesque mosques and minarets. *Right*—The old Marine Gate

CYPRUS: The tower at Famagusta where Othello is said to have smothered Desdemona



MAJORCA: A view of the rugged coast and pine-clad cliffs at Miramar

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THE HARBOUR OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA: With its white-washed houses spreading up the hills from the shore, and its terraced gardens and vineyards, Funchal is one of the most picturesque ports visited by the cruising liners

FOLI

Many explanations have been given for the popularity of cruising, but there can be little doubt that the chief reason is that cruising liners "follow the sun." The variable English climate makes for a keen appreciation of the constant sunshine in Southern lands, the most popular cruises embracing famous ports in Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and the enchanting islands of Madeira and the Canaries, which make an ideal combination affording many fascinating contrasts in scenery, history, and peoples.

Corunna and Vigo are the most frequently visited ports of Northern Spain, both having exceptional interest for English visitors. Romantic Corunna, with its gay Spanish population, its modern shops, and its background of history, was the port at which John of Gaunt landed in 1386 to claim the crown of Castille in the right of his wife, and from which, nearly two hundred years later, Philip II embarked for England to marry Queen Mary. In 1588 it saw the departure of the great Spanish Armada, and here also Sir John Moore is buried. Set on a peninsula in the splendid Bay of Corunna, the town has had a long and eventful existence, and one of the most popular shore excursions is to the ancient Torre de Hercules, which was restored by the Roman Emperor Trajan, and serves as a lighthouse in the present day.

Vigo is a charming town on the southern shore of a wide bay ringed with mountains, its modern streets, fine shops, and notable public buildings being terraced on the slopes of a steep hill. It has suffered much in the past at the hands of English sea captains, but to-day it is a colourful place, entirely fascinating to cruise passengers in its foreign atmosphere.

Few cruises omit a visit to Lisbon, the delightful capital of Portugal which, with its immediate surroundings, invariably provides some of the most enchanting memories of the whole trip. Terraced on green hills above the Tagus, the city has the loveliest approach of any town in Europe, and is no less attractive on closer acquaintance. It is one of the few places where a liner can berth alongside the quay, allowing passengers to lose no time in going ashore. The great roadway running the full length of the docks is an appropriate introduction to the city, whose chief street—the superb Avenida Liberdade—is one of the finest in Europe. Among the places of interest in Lisbon are the municipal palace, the bull ring, the ancient cathedral with its twin towers and sacerdotal treasury, the Estrella with its pure white domes and pinnacles, the English cemetery where Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, is buried, and the stately church of S. Vincente de Fora, in which the later Portuguese royalties are buried.

SANTA CRUZ: [illegible] the largest of [illegible] Fiesta de la Cr[illegible] holiday

The suburbs of Lisbon are among the most delightful in Europe, the varying styles of architecture of the houses having the utmost charm, and the gardens being a revelation in colour and design. Innumerable towns and villages lie in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, although cruising passengers nearly always—and rightly—make the excursion to Cintra, which includes a visit to Montserrat, Cascaes, and Estoril. A long winding drive ascends through glorious woods to the Peña Palace, a building of picturesque architecture, rich ornamentation, and strangely dream-like beauty, which crowns a precipitous ridge and commands a view that is alone worth the journey from Lisbon. The colourful little town of Cintra lies at the foot of the ridge, and the old Moorish castle crowns a neighbouring hill. Montserrat, the home of an Englishman, is set in a garden which demonstrates to perfection the genius of the Portuguese as landscape gardeners; Cascaes is a delightful holiday resort; and Estoril, with its gorgeous villas and hotels, its glorious gardens, its sunlit

ON THE COAST OF NORTHERN SPAIN: The bay and harbour at Corunna, a famous seaport with many historic associations. On January 16, 1809, a battle took place on the heights above the town when Marshal Soult, the Napoleonic general, vainly attempted to prevent the embarkation of the British forces under Sir John Moore. The latter was killed in action

OWING THE SUN

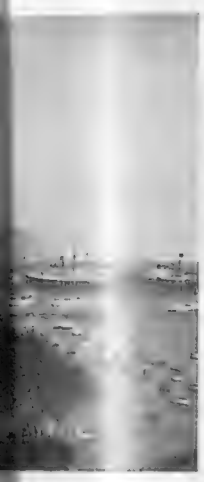
IN LEISURE AND LUXURY

Ports where the Cruising Liners Go—Corunna, Vigo, Lisbon, Cadiz, Casablanca, Rabat, Bathurst, Freetown, and Funchal

By MAXWELL FRASER

blue sea, and its magnificent casino, surpasses the most sanguine expectations. The road between Estoril and Lisbon is a constant succession of delightful bathing places.

Cadiz is one of the oldest towns in Southern Spain, and claims Hercules for its founder, yet its houses are as white and shining clean as though it was built but yesterday on a medieval plan. It is this brightness which imparts an air of quaintness and gaiety to the town which has so many tragic memories. In spite of its long history it has few public buildings of interest, the chief attraction of its two cathedrals being some excellent Murillos.



...ne harbour in Teneriffe, Canary Islands. The May 3, is the great annual the town

The most popular excursion from Cadiz is to Seville, among whose innumerable splendid buildings are the vast Gothic cathedral, the palace of the Alcazar, surpassed only by the world - famous Alhambra, and the Giralda, with its fragile-looking tower, which is a Moorish poem in brickwork. Seville was the birthplace of Murillo and Velasquez, and the museum is full of their masterpi...s.

At first sight Casablanca, the great port of Morocco, appears almost entirely westernized, but it has a colourful native quarter and is within a short distance of Rabat, the capital and residence of the Sultan. At Rabat all the strange fascination of Morocco and the vivid life of the East may be seen at their best. Rabat looks seaward from its sun-beaten cliffs, with its memories of old-time corsairs in strange contrast to the peaceful charm of the public gardens hidden in the heart of the town, in one of which is an exceptionally gorgeous display of bougainvillea in a solid mass of glowing colour, fifty feet in length.

Although Bathurst is an African port, nothing could be greater than the contrast between the life of Gambia and that of Morocco. The beautiful town is absorbingly interesting as the nearest tropical colony to Britain, and although the English quarter is modernized the town provides an insight into the happy-go-lucky lives of the negroes, many of their huts consisting solely of a few boards nailed together!

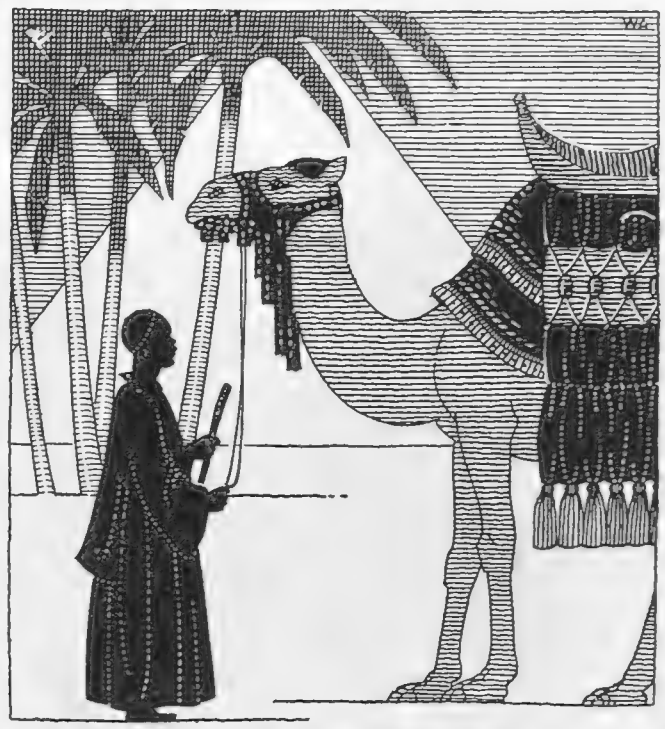
Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, possesses the finest natural harbour on the West African coast, backed by a range of thickly-wooded hills. It is a delightful place in which to linger, absorbing the colour and movement of the colony of emancipated slaves who make a picturesque background for the busy life of the English quarter. Visitors can take a charming drive to Waterloo, a large inland village about twenty-one miles away, which will give them an opportunity of seeing native villages and the magnificent flora of Sierra Leone, or they can visit Lumley Beach where splendid bathing and golf are available.

The Canaries were the "Fortunate Isles" of the ancients, and to this day have a climate so genial and healthy, and are so enchanting in their scenic beauty and their gorgeous masses of flowers, that the name is still applicable. Las Palmas is one of the most beautiful of the seven islands, and Santa Cruz, its principal port, is picturesquely situated on steep slopes, and is a centre for innumerable enchanting walks and drives. The chief port of the island of Teneriffe is also, very confusingly, known as Santa Cruz. It is one of the oldest towns in the Canaries, but is almost entirely modern in appearance. A range of hills drops sheer to the sea on either side of the town, which is dominated by the great peak of Teneriffe, over 12,000 ft. high.

Madeira, the sun-warmed island of flowers, rivals the Canaries in the allurement of its beauty and its temperate climate. Funchal, the chief port, commands a wonderful vista of seemingly inaccessible mountains, many of which are snow-capped. The town is especially fascinating from the sea, with the white walls and orange roofs of its little houses gleaming in the sunshine. The great adventure at Madeira is to take the funicular up the mountain to Ferreiro da Lueta, and then embark on a four-mile slide down the mountain in a basket constructed to carry two passengers and fitted with runners like a sledge.

RABAT: This little Moroccan seaport was founded about 1190 and was once a rival to Sallee, the stronghold of the Barbary corsairs. In the vicinity are the ruins of the ancient *Shella*, which contains tombs of the sultans

A Cruise to Egypt and Eastern Mediterranean



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Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1933

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	415,474,036
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,176,005
Engagements	5,657,399
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	42,233,852
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	13,821,540
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,035,289
Investments at or under Market Value	118,086,369
Bills Discounted	62,828,431
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	164,440,337
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,833,404
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,540,378
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,106,063
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,605,078
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,995,737
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,377,688
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	401,286

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

SPRING CRUISES in the ATLA

Details of Fort for Those Wh Their Ho

THE CUNARDER "CARINTHIA" at Villefranche, in the Mediterranean

The commencement of the cruising season for 1934 reveals a very full programme, one which indicates the popularity of the cruising holiday at any time of the year, which is not surprising seeing that ships in search of it can always find sunshine; which leads one to prophesy a very successful time for those steamship lines which have taken full advantage of the latest development of the taste of the travelling public.

During the period February–March–April, the White Star Line announces no fewer than six cruises, the Cunard Line six, the Canadian Pacific Line four, the Orient Line and the Royal Mail Line two, and the Blue Star one, and, in addition, there are special tours by P. & O. liners round the world, to Eastern lands, and to Australia.

The cruises are wholly in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic (on this side), where, generally, at this season of the year, a considerable amount of clear, bright, and sunny weather may be expected. Analysing the ports of call, it is interesting to note that the historic old Rock of Gibraltar, which every Britisher should see, heads the list, and then come Lisbon which, apart from its own strong attractions as one of the great and very historic capitals of Europe, has beautiful Estoril close at hand; Cintra, with its former royal residences and its lovely wooded heights, and Palma, that most interesting capital of the Balearic Islands, famed for their magnificent scenery. Third place is taken by Algiers, with its appeal as the Gateway to the Land of the Berbers, and Naples, with its wonderful bay; Tangier, the picturesque port for Morocco, follows these very closely, bracketed with the capital of Catalonia—Barcelona.

Another Moroccan port, Casablanca, ranks next—with Monaco (for Monte Carlo), Palermo (Sicily's splendid capital), and Athens, with its glorious Parthenon. Then come, together, Villefranche for Nice and Monte Carlo; Haifa, Beyrout, and Jaffa for the Holy Land; Rhodes and Cyprus, steeped in history, with thrilling memorials of the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John; Malta, likewise an historic centre, and of intense interest to those of British race; Ceuta, opposite "Gib"; Civita Vecchia, the port for "Eternal Rome"; Vigo, that fine port of Northern Spain, twice attacked by Drake, and in the Bay of which Sir George Rooke once looted and destroyed a Franco-Spanish treasure-fleet; and Madeira.

Follow Malaga for Granada, and its marvellous Alhambra; Alexandria and Port Said (with a visit to Cairo and the Pyramids); the Canary Islands; and last on the list Cadiz for Seville, with its architectural treasures and gay life; Corunna, where the Great Armada sheltered before it sailed on its disastrous voyage to our shores, and where Sir John Moore lies buried; Ajaccio, Corsica's capital, and famous as the birthplace of Napoleon Buonaparte; Istanbul, once known as Constantinople, where now the wonderful mosaics of St. Sophia are being revealed to view; Tripoli, Tunis, and Philippeville, on the coast of North Africa, and a new departure in cruising ports of call; Bathurst, the capital of the Crown Colony of Gambia; and Freetown, the capital of the Crown Colony of Sierra Leone, which will afford an interesting insight into life on the West Coast of Africa.

ABOARD THE WHITE S[TAR] LI[NER]: ing and sun-bathing th[e]

SPORT AND SUNSHINE AT SEA: Deck tennis on the Royal Mail cruising liner *Atlantis*

The White Star Line cruises commence with the *Britannic* (27,000 tons), which leaves Liverpool on February 17 for Palma, Villefranche, Nice and Monte Carlo, Palermo, Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout, Haifa, Alexandria, Egypt, Naples, Villefranche, Tangier, and Liverpool, 32 days; and then follow the *Laurentic* (19,000 tons), on March 23, from Liverpool for Dublin, Gibraltar, Civita Vecchia, Rome, Palma, Ceuta, Dublin and Liverpool, 19 days; the *Homeric* (35,000 tons), from Southampton, March 24, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Ajaccio, Algiers, Tangier, and Southampton, 14 days; and *Doric* (16,500 tons), from Liverpool, March 29, for Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona, Ceuta, and Liverpool, 14 days; the *Adriatic* (25,000 tons) from Liverpool, March 29, for Gibraltar, Villefranche, Malta, Algiers, Lisbon, and Liverpool, 17 days; and the *Doric* (16,500 tons), from Liverpool, April 17, for Gibraltar, Civita Vecchia, Malaga, Tangier, Gibraltar, and Liverpool, 16 days.

The Cunard Line

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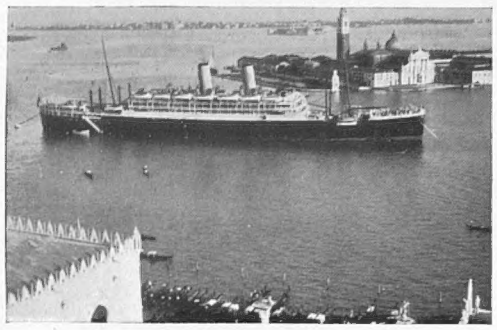
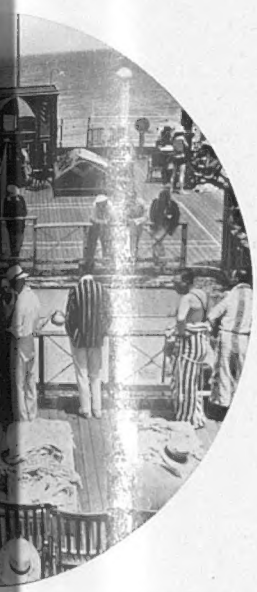
coming Sailings Intend to Spend days Afloat



AN ORIENT CRUISING LINER anchored off Venice

cruises start on March 7 with a special Catholic Boy Scouts' Association of Ireland cruise, from Dublin, by the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons) to Gibraltar, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Ceuta, and Dublin; on March 10, when the *Laconia* (20,000 tons) leaves Southampton for Ceuta, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz (Teneriffe), Madeira, Gibraltar, Vigo, and Southampton, 16 days, and leaves again on March 28, from Southampton, for Algiers, Cyprus, Haifa, Port Said, Athens, Naples, Civita Vecchia (Rome), Lisbon, and Liverpool, 29 days; the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), leaves Liverpool on March 29, for Lisbon, Vigo, and Liverpool, 8 days; again on April 7, for Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, Lisbon, and Liverpool, 13 days; and on April 21. for Lisbon, Palma, Barcelona, Gibraltar, and Liverpool, 15 days.



LINER "HOMERIC": Bath-the spacious after-deck

The Canadian Pacific Line have the *Duchess of Atholl* (20,000 tons), leaving Liverpool on February 19 for Cadiz (Seville), Barcelona, Monaco (Monte Carlo), Naples, Palermo, Palma, and Liverpool, 18 days; again on March 12 for Tangier, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, Palma, and Liverpool, 16 days; and again on April 2 for Ceuta, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, Palma, and Liverpool, 16 days; and on April 20 the *Montrose* (16,400 tons) sails from Liverpool for 13 days to Italy, Gallipoli, Turkey, and Greece.

The Orient Line are sending the *Orontes* (20,000 tons) on a cruise on March 10, from Southampton, for 24 days, to Gibraltar, Malta, Rhodes, Cyprus, Beyrout, Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Port Said (for Cairo), Alexandria, Naples, Tangier, and Southampton, and again, on April 7, from Southampton, for 24 days, to Vigo, Casablanca, Philippeville, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Palma, Lisbon, and Southampton.

The Orient Line also make a speciality of tours to the Mediterranean by their outward and homeward liners to Australia, with, in some cases, a change-over to vessels of other well-known lines, such as the P. & O., the Union Castle, the Bibby, Blue Funnel, British India, Aberdeen and Commonwealth, Rotterdam Lloyd and Nederland Royal Mail. In this manner Gibraltar, the Balearic Islands, Toulon, Naples, Egypt, and Palestine can be visited, at attractive inclusive prices, including hotels ashore, and arrangements are made whereby places of interest adjacent to the ports mentioned, such as Capri, Palermo, and Malta from Naples, Jerusalem from Port Said, and Tangier from Gibraltar, can be seen. Further, a 27-day tour has been arranged, outwards to Toulon, and thence to Monte Carlo, or Nice, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Venice and homewards from Naples. All of which is an extremely interesting method of seeing Mediterranean lands.

The Royal Mail Line begin their cruising season with a cruise of 20 days, on the *Atlantis* (16,000 tons), from Southampton, on March 29, to Las Palmas, Freetown, Sierra Leone, Bathurst (Gambia), Madeira, Lisbon, and Southampton, and the same vessel leaves Southampton again on April 29, on a cruise for 26 days, to Algiers, Port Said, Haifa (for Jerusalem), Rhodes, Athens, La Goulette (Tunis), and Southampton.

The one cruise of the Blue Star Line, by the *Arandora Star* (15,000 tons), is for a period of 20 days, and it is from Southampton, on April 13, to Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Tripoli, the Straits of Messina, Naples, Malaga, Corunna, and Southampton.

The P. and O. Line have the *Narkunda* (17,000 tons), the *Carthage* (15,000 tons), and the *Strathaird* (22,500 tons), leaving London on February 9, 16, and 23 respectively, or overland six days later, for Colombo, where a stay of ten days will be made, for a planned motor tour through Ceylon, including Kandy, Nuwara Eliya, and Anuradhapura, returning by the *Moldavia* (17,000 tons), the *Comorin* (15,000 tons), or the *Mooltan* (21,000 tons), and this line also offer round tickets at attractive prices to Australia and Japan, by their regular liner service, leaving London fortnightly, with tours in these countries included, and a round-the-world tour by way of Egypt, Ceylon, Malaya, China, Japan, Canada, or the United States, and the Atlantic.

Thomas Cook and Son are agents for all tours and cruises, and their long experience enables them to supply invaluable information and to make all the arrangements necessary, whilst the services of their branches abroad are at the disposal of all travellers who wish to make use of them.

A GAME OF SHUFFLEBOARD in progress on the sports deck of a Canadian Pacific cruising liner

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"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE WHO SINK TO REST": Tired competitors in the Monte Carlo Rally who signed in at the R.A.C., Pall Mall, early last Monday morning after travelling from John o' Groats

FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO MONTE CARLO: Mrs. S. Gootnick with her husband checking in at the R.A.C., Pall Mall, before continuing their arduous journey through France

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The law of the land lays down that a commercial vehicle must not exceed 30 m.p.h. Whoever is responsible for this particular piece of brilliant and useful law-making should be knighted, or a statue erected to him. I cannot imagine anything being more absurd. Why in the name of goodness should an Austin "Seven" with a small light van body, or a Morris "Minor," with an open body made to carry milk bottles, be stopped from going faster than 30 m.p.h., whilst any Rolls-Royce owner can hurtle along at 70 m.p.h., should he so desire? The result of this absurdity is that districts like Kingston, which were renowned in the old days for their speed traps, have now started trapping all over again. This has been brought to my notice by the drivers of two vans, such as I have described, being convicted on the same day of the same offence of exceeding 30 m.p.h. on a by-pass road, with the result that one was fined £1 and the other £2 10s., though in each case it was the first offence. The difference in the penalty is accounted for by one appearing at Kingston and the other at Croydon. If it was desirable to make it illegal for a huge bus or lorry to travel at over 30 m.p.h., surely that end could have been attained by stating that vehicles over a certain weight or size should not travel in excess of this limit. I cannot for the life of me see why speed becomes more dangerous, or the vehicle damages the roads more, merely because it has a tradesman's name written on both sides of the body. This limit is so absurd in many cases that in the end it is bound to be dropped because it is really too ridiculous to command obedience.

I was very amused the other day to read in one of our well-known technical journals that local road authorities should lay down more road-side kerbs as these were a great assistance to drivers during fog. That statement is perfectly true, but the amusing side of their advocacy is that not long ago they were busy slating the same authorities for putting down these kerbs as they then looked upon them as a danger which might cause a skidding car to overturn. Obviously we cannot have it both ways, and motorists should make up their minds whether they prefer to be assisted in fog or overturned when they skid. There is no doubt that the stone kerb at the side of the road is of material assistance when visibility is poor. Likewise, the dividing line down a concrete road can also be a great help, but of course the best guides of all in foggy weather are tram-lines where these exist. Whilst writing about fog I would like to draw the attention of drivers to the fact that it is much easier to see when following behind another car than it is if you are leading a procession. My experience shows me that the man behind becomes impatient at the slow progress made, draws out, and if he does not have a head-on collision takes the lead and then discovers that being the first car is not all roses and that his previous leader was, if anything, faster than he himself could possibly be.

An immense amount of money has been and is still spent annually on widening roads, but in my opinion, as things stand at the moment, this money is absolutely wasted and gives little or no advantage to road users. Has there ever been a case of a mobile policeman summoning a driver because he was travelling along a road with his car, say 6 ft. from the near-side kerb? I doubt it. Yet 95 per cent. of drivers leave such a margin on their left hand, so that the net result is that 12 ft. of the available width is completely lost. When vehicles take such paths it is an exceedingly risky manœuvre to make a third line of traffic in order to pass unless the road has abnormal width. The Kingston by-pass is well known to me, and I find that on account of this abuse it is to all intents and purposes a two-line traffic road. If the police have not powers at the moment to compel all road users to hug their near-side kerb except when overtaking they should take steps to obtain these powers straight away.

Arising out of this subject, I would like to mention that, in the majority of cases where I meet a solitary cyclist, he or she is close to the near-side kerb. This is just as well, because I reckon that a single cycle takes up just as much room as a motor car on the road, for the simple reason that the wise motorist allows a sufficient space between his vehicle and the cyclist for the latter to do a good wobble without hitting the car.

About last September we heard a lot concerning wireless sets on cars. Several such sets were, I believe, at the Radio Show, and again at the Motor Exhibition several cars were fitted with roof aerials as standard. The whole idea appealed to me and I began to look round to see where a suitable set was obtainable. One firm had marketed quite a successful outfit, but the price to me was more than I considered the convenience justified. I then learnt that another very large concern of radio manufacturers was about to put a car-set on sale. In due course a representative came down and told me all about what his new production would do. Here we are in January and I know for certain that this set has not materialized, and although I keep in very close touch with all motoring developments I have not yet heard of any great movement in the car-radio world. I should think that the majority of manufacturers who had made up their minds to take up this business have discovered snags, and the result as far as I can see is that we are no further advanced than twelve months ago. If a car-radio set is really to become popular it will have to sell at about £10, and then it should be capable of being detached from the car instantly and used in the house by being plugged into the main. Until we can get that I am afraid that the output of car sets will never be very staggering.

Quite a stir has been caused in motoring circles by the Press suddenly realizing that the Minister of Transport has now almost dictatorial powers, and that he was going to use these powers almost immediately and ban the use of private motor cars in London. I cannot see, even if the Minister should desire to make any such order, that it could possibly be carried out. Firstly, it would prevent people living in London keeping their cars anywhere near them, and secondly, through traffic would be seriously inconvenienced. Of course, in actual practice a private motor car is probably a greater nuisance in London to its driver than to the rest of the traffic. Having succeeded in driving into the heart of the West End or the City, the problem is to get rid of the vehicle even for five minutes whilst a business call or shopping is conducted. A private car in these circumstances certainly bestows no benefit on its owner, and I know that an increasing number of motoring visitors to the metropolis garage their cars in the suburbs and continue their journey by train or 'bus. It is far more speedy and convenient. Unfortunately, buses and trains have a nasty habit of ceasing to run after 1 a.m., so that where a late visit is contemplated this plan is not to be recommended, unless the owner enjoys a hike from Piccadilly to Putney or Barnet.

In any case the banning of motor cars in the centre of the metropolis would have very little effect on the problem of relieving congestion. There are many ways, most of them quite simple, of speeding up London's traffic, and these certainly should be tried before the banning of private motor vehicles.

The Austin Motor Company, Limited, have issued a booklet entitled *Swing Secrets*. Directly, this has nothing whatever to do with motoring, but as many motorists are golfers and nearly all golfers are motorists the Austin Motor Company believe, and I think rightly so, that this booklet will appeal to a very large public. The booklet is of handy size and treats its subject in a very readable manner. Every golfer can learn something from the contents, and so I advise readers to obtain a copy from the nearest Austin dealer, all of whom have supplies.

A BOOK LIST

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A Guide to South and East Africa

The South and East African Year Book and Guide for 1934, which is issued by the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., at 2s. 6d. (3s. 3d. post free), is an indispensable work of reference both for general office use and for the visitor to Africa.

For the Business Man.—A desk section is included for the first time in the present edition and contains details of postal and telegraphic regulations, Ottawa preferences, licences and stamps, income taxes, local weights and measures, currencies, Government officials and representatives abroad, public holidays, etc., etc.

For the Immigrant or Settler.—There is no concise publication extant in which will be found more correct, more useful, or more practical information on such subjects as the following: Immigration; Acquisition of Land; Land Laws; Agriculture generally, tropical or otherwise; the Pastoral Industry (in conjunction with articles on the breeding of live stock, on diseases affecting stock, on dairy farming, meat export prospects, etc.).

For the Tourist.—The descriptions of the towns, of the through routes and of the side connections are thorough and exact. An effort has also been made, by means of historical and other notes, to give the traveller an active interest in what he sees.

Finally, this guide book can be recommended to teachers as an admirable text-book for the teaching of the geography and history of South and East Africa. The improved map section at the end, which consists of a new and copyright atlas by Messrs. Bartholomew and Sons, will be found particularly useful.

THE NEW NAVY OF FRANCE

(Continued from p. 122)

19 on trial. Secondly, there is the wonderful fleet known as flotilla leaders in default of a better name—thirty-one ships of the same general design whose efficiency has steadily improved with successive batches. The first had a displacement of 2,126 tons, a battery of five 5·1-inch guns and a speed of 35 knots, while the last is to be 2,600 tons with the same armament but a designed speed of 42 knots. Most of these ships, it may be mentioned, have attained astounding speeds on trial, although this was not under the same rigorous conditions insisted upon with British ships. Having signed the London Treaty, Britain would have to regard both these classes as cruisers and their tonnage would have to come out of our allowance, into which it would take a very big bite. London defined anything of this sort over 2,000 tons as a cruiser, and specially limited the displacement of the flotilla leader to 1,850 tons; but France, having refused to sign the treaty, can call them whatever she pleases, although she would certainly use them as cruisers to the limit of their powers.

Behind them comes a magnificent fleet of destroyers, twenty-six of them right up to date, rather bigger, better armed, and faster than the British, but not so robust, and one experimental boat projected. The submarine fleet is the biggest in the world: eighty-four in commission and twenty-five building, while Japan has a total of seventy-three built and building, the United States seventy-two, and Britain only sixty. Most certainly the French Navy is one that has to be reckoned with in every calculation.

Frank Bowen

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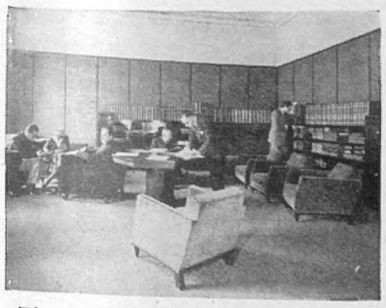

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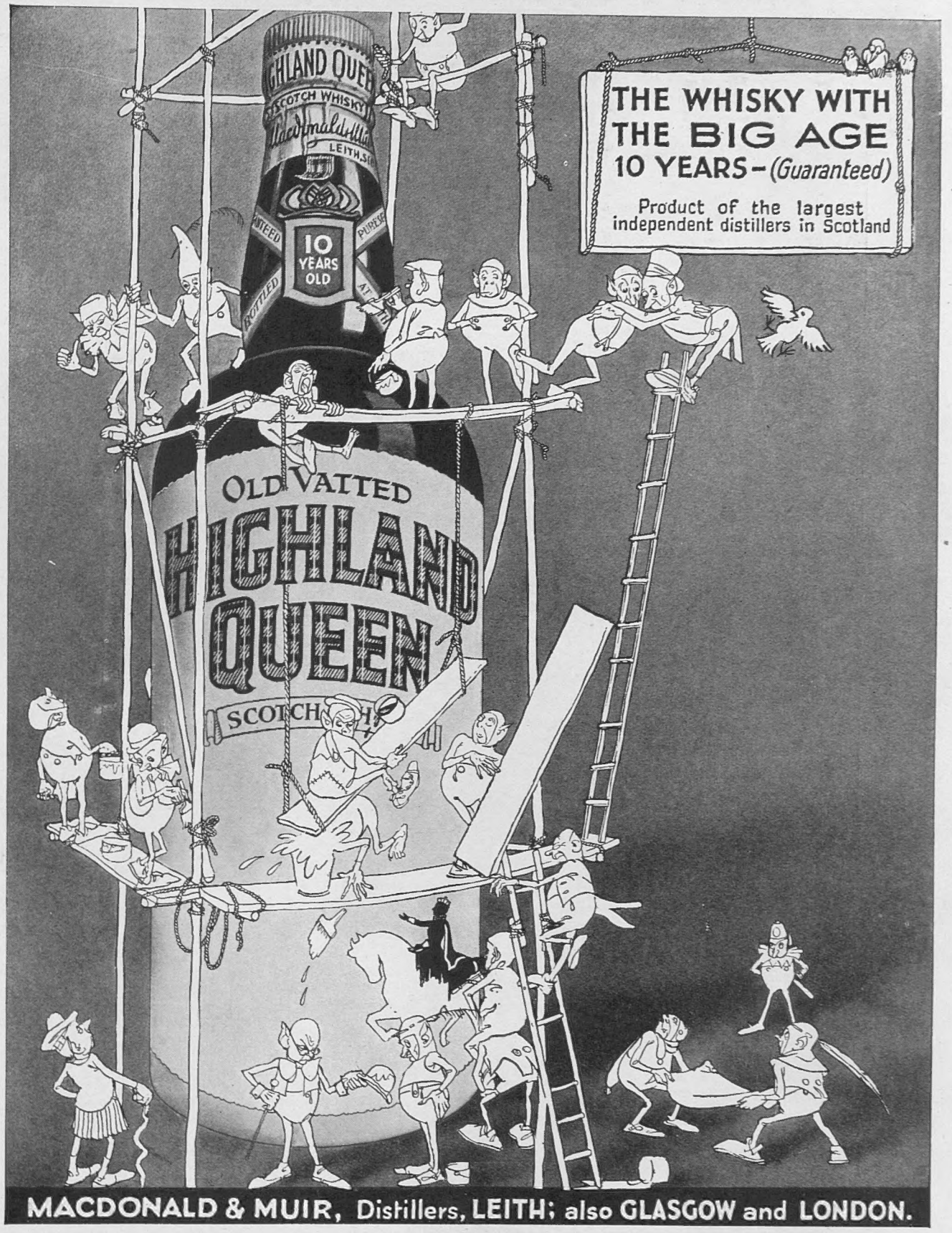

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